The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
CAPT. ROBERT T. GGART,
Of Warren County
FOR STATE TREASURER,
HON. JOSEPH POWELL,
Of Bradford County.

County Ticket.
ASSOCIATE JUDGE
Dr. J. R. SMITH,
of Pine Grove Mills.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
W. C. HEINLE,
of Bellefonte.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
ELLIS L. ORVIS,
of Bellefonte,

Vote the whole democratic ticket on 6 of Nov. Powell, Taggart, Smith, Orvis, and Heinle, are worthy of your suffrages.

Democrats in Ohio came up to the mark nobly on Tuesday of last week, electing a governor and a democratic legislature, thus securing a U. S. Senator. Now let us do the same thing in this state—carry the democratic ticket, state and county, on Nov. 6. We can if each Democrat will do his duty.

The Reporter is under obligations to H. Y. Stitzer, Olie Meek, Miles Walker and Charley Hewes, for continued telephones on the Ohio election.

Any Republican of good character who wants to loaf around these headquarters a little spell and tell us about that little affair out in Ohio, last week, can do so.

Democrats, of Centre county, if each one does his duty on Nov. 6 the majority for the state and county ticket in old Centre will not be under 1200. Get ready for Nov. 6.

The stubbornness of the republican senate, at the command of the machine bosses, is making it cost the people $3,000 per day and the Constitution violated besides. Rebuke the bosses on Nov. 6 by voting for Powell, Taggart, Smith, Orvis and Heinle.

The entire number of pupils now studying German in the public schools of St. Louis is over 20,000, or over half the whole number of pupils.

This proves that there are a good many sensible people in St. Louis. Next to English German should be studied, as it comes handy wherever you go, not only in this country but in Europe. It is a living language, and in beauty, purity and force, is not excelled by any language spoken at this day. A knowledge of German is of immense value to every business man in the United States, and for this reason it should be taken up by every student instead of wasting time on Latin and Greek.

The Republicans of Ohio can never expect to carry that state as long as the fraud Hayes lives there. He is like the ark in the hands of the Philistines.

If you would like to have a good, active and capable county surveyor, vote for E. L. Orvis,

Chicago is among the howlers against Mormonism which is all right enough, but one day last week fifty divorces were granted in one of its courts.

As Hoadley got well the Ohio Republicans got sick and the disease killed 'em.

The Republicans of Ohio are not licked. They are only holding their wind for eighty-four.—*Middleburg Post*, rad.

Yes, and the more they give vent to it, the tighter the people close their nostrils.

On Monday the U. S. Supreme Court decided the Civil Rights act unconstitutional. The act was passed by a Republican congress when the negro frenzy yet ran high, and now a Republican U. S. Supreme Court declares the act unconstitutional.

The satement telegraphed from Bellefonte to the Philadelphia *Times* that Judge Orvis is about to resign and become the law partner of Senator Wallace is not true. Judge Orvis will remain on the bench.

Charley Hewes'
Ohio news,
was very crooked.

The prohibition amendment in Ohio is defeated by 30,000 majority.

The Mifflin county Republicans have instructed for Blaine for president.

The fourth centennial of the birth of Martin Luther, which is soon to be celebrated by all protestant denominations throughout the world, has called forth new interest in the life and work of the author of the Reformation. Freedom of thought and action in religion has been secured to millions in Europe and America as the fruit of the great war so successfully waged by the great German theologian, Luther, against darkness, superstition and forced ignorance in matters ecclesiastic.

Just now is a fitting time to read and study the life and work of Martin Luther, that the movement for the celebration of the fourth centennial of his birth may be better appreciated.

In our own county, at Bellefonte, memorial services will be held, beginning on Friday, 26 instant, continuing Saturday and Sunday. The program for first day's services will be found elsewhere in the Reporter. Some of the best talent of the Lutheran church will be present. George S. Morris, D. D., LL. D., one of the noted theologians of this country, Rev. Dr. Wolf, of Gettysburg theological seminary, and a native of our county, together with many other able ministers of the Lutheran and other denominations, will lend interest to these services by their presence and addresses.

Martin Luther belongs to all the protestant churches—every one of which is a monument to the mighty Reformation wrought by Luther, and all will join in celebrating the 400th anniversary of his birth.

PROHIBITION DEFEATED.

Cincinnati, Oct. 14.—The "Commercial Gazette" this morning published the figures from every county except Stark, showing that for the prohibition amendment 309,413 votes were cast, while the total vote in the state was 709,333, by which showing the amendment has been defeated.

LUTHER JUBILEE.

The protestant world is stirred to its profoundest depths, and is celebrating the centenary of Luther's birth with wonderful demonstrations. The magnitude of his work—reforming the church and furnishing the Bible to the people, overthrowing usurped ecclesiastical power, restoring religious toleration and freedom in Europe, affecting thus the welfare of humanity in modern civilization, educationally, socially, industrially and politically—all this is being more and more recognized and appreciated. No less an authority than the brilliant French historian, Jules Micheit, speaking of the mental enfranchisement achieved by Luther, says: "If we exercise in all its plentitude at this day this first and highest privilege of human intelligence, it is to Luther we are most indebted for it. To whom do I owe the power of publishing what I am now inditing, except to this liberator of modern thought?" It is a fact that no intelligent or well-informed reader can dispute that the civil and religious liberty enjoyed anywhere to-day are traceable, directly or indirectly, to the son of the Saxon miner. Robert Southey once poet Laureate of England, used this remarkable language: "Blessed be the day of Martin Luther's birth! It should be a festival only second to that of the nativity of Jesus Christ." John Calvin says, in reference to the difficulties of Luther's work: "If any one will carefully consider what was the state of things at the period when Luther arose he will see that he had to contend with all the difficulties which were encountered by the apostles. In one respect, indeed, his condition was worse and harder than theirs. There was no kingdom, no principality against which they had to declare war; whereas Luther could not go forth except by the ruin of that empire which was not only the most powerful of all, but regarded all the rest as obnoxious to itself." The 400th anniversary of Luther's birth will be celebrated in Bellefonte on the 26th of October. Dr. Wolf of the theological seminary at Gettysburg, and Dr. J. G. Morris, of Baltimore, president of the general synod of the Lutheran church, will be present to deliver addresses. Vocal and orchestral music will be furnished. All the ministers of the Northern conference will be present. Protestantism owes everything to the man whose birth is thus convoking the people in enthusiastic demonstration. All are invited to be present at this jubilee in Bellefonte. The Lutherans in Centre county in particular should turn out; let us urge a full turn out. Exercises to commence at 10½ a. m., and to be held in the court house.

W. E. Fischer.

If disease has entered the system the only way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood. To this end, as is acknowledged by all medical men, nothing is better adapted than iron. The fault hitherto has been that iron could not be prepared as to be absolutely harmless to the teeth. This difficulty has been overcome by the Brown Chemical Co. of Baltimore, who offer their Brown's Iron Bitters as a faultless iron preparation, a positive cure for dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney troubles, etc,

The November number of the "North American Review" will contain a contribution from Dr. Norvin Green, president of the Western Union company, in opposition to the proposed government management of the Telegraph; also, an article on John Brown, by the Rev. David N. Utter, which is calculated to seriously affect the popular estimate of the hero of Ossawatomie.

THE STATE TREASURY RING.

It is evident that the independents will not fall into line in behalf of the old Treasury Ring. The following from a recent issue of the Delaware county *Record*, a Republican newspaper, of ability and wide circulation published in Chairman Cooper's own county tells the story:

"The Humes act was passed at the regular session of the Legislature, and approved by Governor Pattison on June 6 1883. This act requires the State Treasurer to file a statement with the Sinking Fund Commissioners on the first business day of January, April, July and October of each year, showing the balance remaining in the Sinking Fund in excess of the amount required to pay the interest on the public debt; the commissioners then being authorized to purchase State or Federal bonds, at their discretion, said interest to accrue to the interest of the State Treasury. The tenth section of the act of May 9, 1874, provides that whenever it shall appear on the first business day of January, April, July and October, the balance in the hands of the Treasury from sources of general revenue apart from amounts payable to the Sinking Fund shall exceed $500,000, such sum shall be carried to the account of the Sinking Fund.

"The report of State Treasurer Bailey shows that on August 31, 1881, exclusive of moneys appropriated to the Sinking, Fund $2,018,868.12 was distributed among 21 banks throughout the State; further that no part of the surplus over the contingent fund of $500,000 was carried to the account of the Sinking Fund, but this surplus, amounting to $1,158,868.12, was loaned to certain bankers throughout the State on such terms as the State Treasurer could advantageously make; not a dollar of interest money accruing to the State, whilst on the other hand, the taxpayers of the State are paying interest on the outstanding State loans, which this surplus ought to contribute to wipe out.

"Nor is this all. The last quarterly report also shows that the sum of $2,769,990.51, belonging to the Sinking Fund, was distributed among 57 banks in the State, thus aggregating the sum of $4,788,858.63, in the hands of private banks and bankers, without security and yielding no interest to the State, and this, too, despite the plain provisions of the above mentioned Humes act. At the last meeting of the Sinking Fund Commissioners, comprising Secretary of the State Stenger, Auditor General Lemon and Treasurer Bailey, Mr. Stenger made a proposition that this large surplus should be so invested in pursuance of the provisions of the Humes act. Both Messers. Lemon and Bailey opposed the offer, Mr. Bailey assigning as a reason for his opposition that to withdraw these State deposits from some of the county banks would cause semi-stagnation, if not a financial panic, thus virtually confessing that these deposits were interest bearing, and as such, could not be withdrawn without due notice. Where and to whom this interest goes no man knows save those of the Treasury ring; one thing is certain, the State does not reap a dollar of it. At a low rate of 4 per cent per annum upon $4,788,828, the interest alone would amount to $191,552; a sum certainly large enough to constitute an inference for the reasons of opposition to the application of the Humes act. This is a plain statement of the present status of the Treasury Department, and certainly furnishes to the average Pennsylvania tax-payer sufficient of issue upon which to base his judgment and cast his ballot. The jobbers who opposed the enactment of the Humes act are well-known; their opposition is spread upon the official records of the State, and these same jobbers, failing in the efforts to defeat the Humes bill, are now shamelessly and unscrupulously endeavoring to thwart and circumvent the provisions of their most wise and beneficent measure: This, then, we repeat is the issue; the only rallying cry of sturdy, honest citizens must be: Defeat the candidate of the jobbers."

A correspondent from College complains that Mr. Dale, candidate for Assc. Judge, "owns two farms on the line of the R. R. to Bellefonte and one on the L. & T. R.R., and is standing in the way by refusing to give the right of way." We always took farther Dale to be a railroad man, and we trust he will hush up the talk about him by giving the right of way, else he may loose the "right of way" to the bench, by not acting according to the wishes of his friends up there.

——If you want to see an elegant line of ladies' and misses' shoes, something nice and at a low price, call and figure all styles in button and lace, with and without box toes, go to Graham's shoe store; and for the grandest display in gents' and boys' shoes, in button, lace, cloth and kid tops, Graham & Son beat them all—corner of Brockerhoff row, Bellefonte. 2t

CONDENSED NEWS.

Monday, October 8.

The Chicago newsdealers have organized to resist any reduction of the price in the local papers.

There have been three new cases of yellow fever and one death at the Pensacola Navy Yard.

A fire at Memphis, Tenn., destroyed a building and stock to the extent of $150,000. Insurance $100,000.

Major Nickerson has at last reported his address to the War Department. He is at Thorold, Canada.

O'Donnell's trial has been fixed for the 15th inst., but his counsel will move for a postponement to November.

The losses by the fire at Dallas, Texas, Saturday, are much smaller than at at first reported. They will not exceed $75,000.

Canadian sugar refiners are urging their Government to grant them a bounty on all refined sugars exported from the Dominion

There is an anti-liquor war being waged in Washington, D. C., the prohibition people attempting to close up a great many of the saloons.

Tuesday, October 9.

Grapes in the Hudson, N. Y., valley have been severely damaged by frost.

The Menasha Chair Company, of Menasha, Wis., has failed. Liabilities $80,000.

Ed. Des Lauries, clothing merchant of Tukacee, Ill., has failed with liabilities of $25,000, assets $12,000.

The Mercer county, New Jersey, Grand Jury have indicted the city of Trenton for maintaining a nuisance.

The electrical lighting companies are in litigation for a premium from an agricultural fair and exposition.

A negress who murdered her husband near Irwinton, Ga., has been sentenced to labor twenty years in the chain gang.

Simon Mack & Co., wholesale clothiers, of New York, and William H. Jenkinson & Son, wholesale lumber merchants, have failed. Liabilities, $400,000 and $150,000.

Two men went uninvited to a dance at a farm house in Indianna and accomplished their purpose of murdering the principal guest of the occasion.

Wednesday, October 10.

General Campenon has been appointed French Minister of War.

Two negroes killed each other with the same weapon at Dodge City, Kansas.

Six prisoners at Clinton, La., seized and bound the jailor and escaped. Four were recaptured.

One of a party of tramps was shot and killed while engaged in stoning a house near Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Samuel McDonald was hanged at Fort Wayne, Ind., for the murder of Louis Laurent, in March last.

The creditors of the Exchange Bank of Montreal are becoming alarmed by the actions of the directors.

Rev. Dr. Ewer, the New York clergyman who was struck with paralysis in Montreal, is slowly sinking.

A model of Bartholdi's statue of liberty enlightening the world, was exhibited to the trustees in New York.

It is reported that the Chinese regulars have been defeated at Bacninh. Epidemics have decimated the Black Flags.

Thursday, October 11.

Foreigners in Canton are still said to be in danger.

An epidemic of typhoid fever is feared at Waterbury, Conn.

C. J. Dewey, the forger, has been arrested in San Antonio, Texas.

Five thousand miners in Lanarkshire, Scotland, have struck for an advance of wages.

Lin Yang Yu, commander of the Black Flags, has issued a challenge to the French troops at Hanoi.

Senator Edmunds is reported as saying he will resign the presidency of the Senate on the opening of Congress.

Mobile has quarantined against Pensacola and the citizens of the latter place are very indignant in consequence.

The strike on the street car lines at Washington, D. C., has practically ended, the men returning to work at the old prices.

After a long and weary search secret service agents hunted down a gang of counterfeiters at Duluth and captured them and their implements.

Friday October 12.

Earl Mountcashel is dead, aged ninety-one.

A reward of £500 has been offered in Penzance, England, for the recovery of a boy stolen from his home in Wisconsin.

O'Donnell hopes that he may be acquitted, principally, he says, "for the sake of those who have subscribed for his defense.

A complimentary banquet was tendered Judge John A. Appleton on his retirement from the Chief Justiceship of the Maine Supreme Court.

Eight trading schooners, nationality unknown, drove away from the island of Vladivostock an American vessel and then took possession of the island.

Jack McCabe, an escaped convict, was shot dead at Port Hope, Ont., by Constable Rankin, on whom McCabe drew his revolver to prevent recapture.

Mr. Holt, Postmaster General and afterward Secretary of War under Buchanan, has written a letter in which he defends the loyalty of his dead chief.

Although the fatal cases of the disease at Brewton, Ala., are characterized by black vomit, the physicians there persist in the assertion that it is not the yellow fever.

Saturday, October 13.

John Samuels, a half brother of Frank James, killed a hackman in a drunken brawl in Kansas City.

The Brooklyn and New York newsmen held another large meeting and agreed not to sell The Herald for two cents.

A colored man has challenged a white man to a duel in Richmond, Va. The first instance of its kind on record.

GAINS IN IOWA.

A Democratic Congressman Elected in the Sixth District.

Des Moines, Oct. 11.—Judge Cook, Democrat, is elected to Congress from the Sixth district. Sherman's plurality for Governor will not exceed 12,000. The lower House is close. Republicans now have 54; the opposition 41. Of the remaining five Republicans will get three. The Senate now stands Republicans 37, opposition 8, in doubt 5. There were heavy Democratic gains in nearly every part of the State.

Full and complete returns from fifty counties give Sherman 19,424 majority over Kinne and 4 851 over Kinne and Weaver both. In these 50 counties Sherman has a total vote of 86,624, Kinne 67,200, and Weaver 14,573, the latter's vote being made by full returns much larger than was expected Incomplete but pretty definite returns from the other 49 counties giving a majority simply makes Sherman's majority over Kinne 26 000 and the majority over all 8,000 or 9,000.

10 P. M.—Definite returns have been received by the "State Register" on Legislature, and the result is positively known so far as it can be until the official count has settled a few close contests. The Senate will stand 40 Republicans, 9 Democrats, and 1 doubtful. The House, on complete and bed rock figures, stands as follows: Republicans 52, Independent 1, Democrats 39, Greenbacks 7, doubtful 1. Republican majority on joint ballot, 34.

The Republicans have lost heavily in Iowa. The Democrats claim to have reduced Gov. Sherman's plurality to 5,000, and if the opposition vote had been united he would have been defeated. The Republicans hold a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature by their hold over Senators. The house of Representatives is close.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, Thomas J. Dunkle, High Sheriff of the county of Centre, commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do here by make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in said county of Centre on

TUESDAY, NOVEMAER 6, 1883.

For the purpose of electing one person for State Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for Auditor General of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for Associate Judge for Centre county.

One person for County Surveyor for Centre county.

One person for District Attorney for the County of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and Townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines, at the public school house of Henry Shafer, Aaronsburg (west precinct.)

Haines township, eastern precinct, at the school house in Woodward.

For the township of Half Moon, at the school house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for that purpose on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter, northern precinct, at the public house of D. J. Moyer, in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter, Southern precinct, at the public house of D H Ruhl, Potters Mills.

For the township of Gregg, northern precinct, at Murray's school house

For the township of Gregg, southern precinct, at the public house owned by J B Fisher, of Penn Hall.

For the township of College, in the school house at Clarmont.

For the township of Ferguson, old precinct, in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the township of Ferguson, new precinct, in the school house in Baileyville.

For the township of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte, and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court house in Bellefonte.

For the borough and township of Howard, at the school house of said borough.

For the township of Rush, northern precinct, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Rush, southern precinct, at Powelltown school house.

For the township of Snow Shoe, east precinct, at the school house in Snow Shoe town.

For the township of Snow Shoe, west precinct, at the Moshannon school house.

For the township of Marion, at the house of Joel King, in Jacksonsville.

For the borough of Milesburg, at the school house of Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs, north precinct, at the Walter school house.

For the township of Boggs, southern precinct, at the Central City school house.

For the township of Huston, at the Silver Dale school house.

For the township of Penn, at the public school house of Wm. Musser.

For the borough of Millheim, at the school house opposite the Evangelical church in said borough.

For the township of Liberty, at the school house in Eagleville.

For the township of Worth, at the school house at Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside, at the school house of J K Boak.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the borough of Unionville and the township of Union, at the new school house at Unionville.

For the First and Second wards of the borough of Philipsburg, at the large public school house.

For the Third ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at the small public school house.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That all persons, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold an office or appointment of any profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary Department of this State, or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district; and also that every member of Congress or State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law capable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth: and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for.

TICKETS TO BE VOTED.

The qualified electors will take notice of the following acts of Assembly, approved the 12th day of March, 1866: "An act regulating the mode of voting at all elections in the several counties of this Commonwealth."

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same. That the qualified electors of the several counties of the Commonwealth, at all general, township, borough and special elections are hereby authorized and required to vote by tickets, printed or written, or partly printed or partly written, severally classified as follows: One ticket shall embrace the names of judges of courts voted for, and to be labeled outside "Judiciary;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the State officers to be voted for, and shall be labeled "State;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the officers voted for, including the office of Senator and members of the Assembly if voted for, and be labeled "County;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the township officers voted for, and be labeled "Township;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the borough officers voted for, and be labeled "Borough;" and each class shall be deposited in separate ballot-boxes.

THOMAS J. DUNKLE,
Sheriff of Centre County.

A very instructive catalogue, embracing 16000 items of goods in 150 different lines, with explanatory reading matter, will be sent prepaid by John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, after Nov. 1, on request by postal. This is a capital reference volume.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward.				
	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Montandon	7.05	9.40	1.50	6.00	7.55
Lewisburg, ar.	1.15	9.55	2.00	6.10	8.05
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25	10.05	2.15		
Fair Ground	7.30	10.13	2.20		
Biehl	7.40	10.27	2.30		
Vicksburg	7.45	10.36	2.36		
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.	11.00	2.50		
Mifflinburg, lv	8.80		le3.00		
Milmont	8.22		3.28		
Laurelton	8.33		3.40		
Coburn	9.48		5.00		
Spring Mills, ar	10.15		ar.5.30		

	Leave Eastward.				
	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.		P.M.	
Spring Mills		5.50		1 50	
Coburn		6.18		2.20	
Laurelton		7.30		3.40	
Milmont		7.40		3.52	
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00	A.M.	4.15	
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00	11 45	4.15	
			P.M.		
Vicksburg		8.15	12.19	4.32	
Biehl		8.20	12.17	4.38	
Fair Ground		8.30	12.33	4.48	
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35	12.40	4.56	P.M.
Lewisburg, lv.	6.35	8.45	12.50	5.10	7.30
Montandon ar.	6.45	ar.9.00	ar.1.05	ar.5.20	ar.7.40

TO REPAIR DAMAGES.

Dear lady, there is probably no use telling you that fashionable life in a great city is a rough one on your beauty. Late hours, loss of sleep and mental excitement will leave you by and by shorn of those beautiful tresses which drew lovers around you in other years. Artificial substitutes can never pass for those rich and glossy locks. Parker's Hair Balsom will stop your hair from falling out, restore its natural color and softness, and prove cleansing and beneficial to the scalp. oct

WHAT STRUCK AN OLD SOLDIER

"It will soon be twenty years since the war closed."

Under the hot sun of August, 1862, the village of Dover, N. J., lay as a sphinx in Egypt, while Elijah Sharp, of that place, slowly and softly spoke of the past. "Yes," he said, "I was in the army and saw many of the sights of those fearful years. I was finally discharged from disability resulting from sunstroke. I came home, miserable in health and spirits; so enfeebled that I took cold on the slightest exposure. Life seemed worthless to me. I lived only in memory."

"That was sad enough," I said, dividing my last two cigars.

"That's so," responded Mr. Sharp, "but I got over it. Outgrew it? Not exactly. When in that condition I began taking "Parker's Tonic," and I was astonished at it, for my health began to improve right away. I piled on flesh and found eat anything. My ambition buzzed up. I found attend to my business, and now—except that I have to take care about exposing myself to the hot sun—I am as well as the day I was eleven. What differences there are in things—guns and bayonets kill; "Parker's Tonic" saves."

This preparation, which has been known as Parker's Ginger Tonic, will hereafter be called simply "Parker's Tonic." This change has been rendered necessary by substitutes imposed upon their customers by unprincipled dealers under the name of ginger; and as ginger is really an unimportant flavoring ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change however in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of Parker's Ginger Tonic contain the genuine medicine at the fac-simile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper. oct t n r

NEW DRUG STORE

AT SPRING MILLS, PA.,

Situated in the North-east Corner of the SPRING MILLS HOUSE.

DRUGS, SPICES and PATENT MEDICINES

of all kinds.

TOILET ARTICLES and FANCY GOODS.

Also TOBACCO & SEGARS, and CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.

Spectacles a Specialty.

Being an apothecary of experience prescriptions will be accurately compounded.

C. E. AURAND, *Druggist,*
sep 27y *Spring Mills, Pa.*

TIRED ALL OVER.

What Restored and Refreshed a Weary Man in Memphis.

"No, it never amounted to an acute pain, but continued to be a dull weary ache in the small of my back," writes Mr. James Thomas, of No. 56 Madison street, Memphis, Tenn. "This was an old experience and life became dull music. I was tired all over, with pain in the lower limbs and a habit of laying awake of nights. Recently I tried one of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTERS and was decidedly relieved within 24 hours. It may have been Providence that did the work, but I give the credit to Benson's porous plaster." Mr. Thomas' reverential idea does him credit, but Providence works by agents, and among them Benson's plaster ranks first as an external remedy. It acts quickly in relief and healing, and renders life better worth living. Price 25 cents. Look in the middle of the plaster for the word Capcine. Ask your physician about it.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemist, N. Y. oct

The Stranglers of Paris:

The first famous strangler was a fellow named Francois Denizett, nicknamed Father Francois. He flourished about 1700. Having failed in business as a cabinetmaker, he was already an old man when he began his career of crime. He was a master-robber—a cagon, as they used to say in those days. He was also "a solitary," who did his work without accomplices. He always wore about his person, like a belt, a fine and narrow leather strap, made of strong but supple leather. At one end of this strap there was a buckle attached—a buckle without any tongue, and three sides of this buckle were covered with little metal cylinders, serving a pulleys. To the other end of the strap a leaden ball was fastened, which served the double purpose of a handle, and in case of necessity a "slung shot." Father Francois would on some imaginary pretext, introduce himself into a house which he knew to be momentarily occupied by a single woman only. Sometimes he would enter as though to make a neighborly call—like any *bon jourier*. He would then engage in conversation, and at a propitious moment would suddenly fling the running noose of his strap over the victim's head, press against the base of her neck with his left hand and pull with his right. In one moment the poor creature would be strangled. This master-strangler—a product of the first republic—ended his villainous career in in a very singular fashion.

It happened in the early part of 1793. Francois Denizett had done two good jobs," in the neighborhood of the Marche des Innocents. They were highly profitable ventures; and he was imprudent enough to risk a third. It was the end of him! The women who kept stores had become terrified at the two previous crimes committed in the middle of the day, and were all upon their guard. At 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon our "Strangler" entered No. 3 Rue de la Reynie, under the pretext of selling handkerchiefs to a certain Mme. Lalouette, who kept a stand in the market. This woman—a solidly-built and active person, quick of hand and eye—was preparing dinner for her family. Just as Francois entered she was about to cook a roast of beef, and she held an immense iron spit in her right hand. The moment she looked at the pretended peddler, the recollections of the "stranglers" came to her; she prepared herself against attack, and never took her eyes off the man for a moment. When Father Francois thought he had a good opportunity he threw his strap; but at the same moment Mme. Lalouette threw up her left hand, and the noose wound itself around it. Then she gave Francois such a terrible thrust in the abdomen with her spit that it actually disappeared in his body. The blow was all the more violent because Francois had at the same instant pulled violently toward him, in the hope of flinging her down and murdering her. Mme. Lalouette called for help, the neighbors rushed in and Father Francois was arrested. But he was foolish enough to recover from being "spitted," and was one of the first ferlampires of note who entertained the guillotine after its inaction of several months.

"Suspension," or hanging, is a much more modern method of strangulation, practiced chiefly in the lowest quarters of the city. Two persons are required for this work, the "suspender" and the "rummager." If the accomplices are men, they generally select drunken parties for victims. If it be a man and woman who practice the crime, it is usually accomplished thus: The woman, always a female of ill repute, called *vanneuse* (liar) approaches an individual and engages in conversation with him, endeavoring to entice him to follow her. While this is going on her "man" approaches, like any other pedestrian, holding in his hand the ends of a long and large handkerchief twisted into a rope. The moment he comes near enough he suddenly passes the handkerchief under the victim's chin, turns himself half way round with a jerk, and raises the poor wretch upon his back like a sack. The more the victim struggles, the sooner he is strangled. He loses all consciousness. While he is in this condition the woman the *vanneuse*, plays the part of *foulleuse*, ransacking his pockets and taking from him every object of value. When this has been done, the "suspender" lets the victim fall heavily to the ground. This was how a poor workman was murdered a few months ago in a dark ally in Grenelle. The murderers obtained only an old silver watch and twenty francs. In defence the crimnals swore that they had not intended to kill him, but only to gag him, and that the handkerchief slipped from his mouth over his neck.

—Dr. Werner Siemens has demonstrated by experiment that intensely hot gases do not emit light, and that, consequently, all light given by heated gas must come from solid impurities, and not from the gas itself.

A Horrible Story.

The author of "Siberian Pictures" says that, having on one occasion lost his way, he drove up to a large hut whence he saw a light shining. Cautiously looking in at the window before entering or knocking, he saw a hideous sight. Two or three men were ranging dead bodies, which they brought up through a trap door from some underground store-house, around a room, while another lighted a large fire. As the fire burned up, the bodies, which seemed at first stark frozen, began to thaw and to exhibit signs of life, or at least of movement. Then the principal performer advanced and deliberately disembowled them one after another. The onlooker naturally thought he was either dreaming or was assisting at some frightful or unholy rite. But the real explanation was very simple. Russian law does not permit the burial of any person who dies accidentally without a post-mortem examination. In the depth of winter the visits of doctors are rare, and it is the custom to freeze the bodies until one comes round, when all those who are waiting for burial are produced together, and, being thawed sufficiently to let the knife operate, are performed upon and receive their certificate of interment. The rationalist explanation is complete but the earlier part of the tale, even in the hands of a rather lame translator of an author who does not himself seem to have any great literary power, is not a little striking. Poe or Hoffman could have made a masterpiece of it.

The Smallest Locomotive.

The smallest locomotive engine ever built in the United States for regular work was turned out by M. M. Buck & Co., of St. Louis, recently, and shipped to the Edmee plantation, St. Charles Parish, La. This little engine was designed by and built under the supervision of Mr. Jay Noble, and is as perfect a peice of mechanism as one would wish to see. Its diminutiveness may be understood from the following facts respecting it: Twenty-one and one-half inches gauge; diameter of cylinder, six and one-quarter inches; stroke, ten inches; four wheels, diameter of driving wheels, twenty-four inches; height of engine to top of boiler, four feet seven inches; weight, without water, 5250 pounds. The engine has link motion, and is made of the best materials throughout. The boiler is made of one-quarter inch iron, and is thirty inches in diameter in the barrel. It is provided with an Orm patent pop-valve, has a steel fire-box, and is fed by two inspirators. The tank is made of No. 10 iron, has four wheels of a diameter of sixteen inches, a capacity of 380 gallons, and weight, without water, 1400 pounds. In experimenting with the engine before it was shipped, it was found to act very obediently under the hand of the engineer.

The Dispensary.

Removing Corns.

The *Farmer's Call* says:—"An easy method of removing corns is to soak crumbs of bread in good, strong vinegar and apply as a poultice at night. When the poultice is removed the next morning, the pain and soreness will be gone, and the corn can be taken out. Try it."

Summer Food.

The question of proper food, particularly during the summer months, is a subject that cannot be ignored with impunity. Nature has plainly indicated the value of a diet of fruit and vegetables in hot weather. People eat too much meat, thereby increasing the caloric in their systems, and rendering them peculiarly liable to disease. In cold weather the body requires more heavy food than in warm, and gorging one's self with rich soups and pastries, meats and gravies may not be followed by any very disastrous results. Such a diet in midsummer, however, is pretty sure to demand the payment of severe penalties, besides inducing additional suffering from the heat. We are daily becoming wiser in sanitary matters, and whenever we are ready to recognize the laws of health a large part of our ailments will disappear.

She Hit Something Empty.—"Aw, can you tell me, Miss Fair," queried George Washington LaDude, after a brief period of intense study, "why the—aw—Ponto's caudal appendage is like a coming event?" "No, Mr. LaDude." "Well—aw—it is something to occur, don't you know—ha ha!" "Very good Mr. LaDude—very good. But can you tell me why your hat is like a bad habit?" "Why—er-r, aw—well, no; why is it!" "Because it's something to a void." "Oh, weally now, Miss Fair, you are just too bad for anything, don't you know?"

—Dickens' hero, Oliver Twist, was a great lover of Irish poetry. He was continually asking for More.

Life in Sitka.

A Beautiful Harbor and Quaint Town.

Nothing could be finer than the picture that opened before us on the shining Sunday morning when the steamship Idaho wound her way between the little islands in the harbor and fired a resounding shot point-blank against the echoing mountains behind Sitka. The queer and out of the-way capital of our latest Territory seemed quite a metropolis after the unbroken wilderness we had been journeying through, and the rambling collection of weather-beaten and moss-covered buildings that have survived from Russian days, and the Government buildings, in their coats of yellow-brown paint, smote us with a sense of urban vastness and importance. The castle frowned from its rocky height, as castles are supposed to do, and the 1200 inhabitants of the town, more than half of whom are Indians, gave immediate signs of life before the echoes of the cannen had ceased ringing on the air. At a first look it wears the air and dignity of a town with a history, and can reflect upon the brilliant, good old days of Russian rule, to which fifteen years of American occupancy have only given more lustre by contrast. When Barauoff founded the town of Sitka, in 1799, the United States knew nothing of this end of the world, and few of its people learned of the Indians murdering the inhabitants and burning the houses in 1802. A new site was chosen for a town, and the first buildings for the settlement of New Archangel were erected in 1804. In 1832 Baron Wrangell moved the capital from the island of Kodaik to Sitka, or New Archangel, and then followed the brilliant Russian regime that closed on the 18th of October, 1868, when the Territory was formally transferred to the United States in consideration of the sum of $7,200,000 in gold. In all the vast territory of 577,390 square miles there were but 30,000 inhabitants, and not one-tenth of them were white. The withdrawal of the Russian Governor and his miniature court, the civil officers, the military garrison and the naval fleet left Sitka a deserted village, with the grass growing higher and higher in its streets with every year that has gone over its head, until it has now become picturesque in its decay and melancholy in its ruin and abandonment.

With the most beautiful harbor in the world, the glories of its sea and shore have been unsung, and a bay full of little wooded islands and a circle of mountain peaks that rise straight from the water await the new generation of poets and printers. A deserted castle crowns the rocky headland and looks down upon the scattered town, and one street meanders from the landing wharf to the square around the Church of St. Michael, and then spreads out into a network of branches and by-ways. From the church a main by-way follows the curving bay for two miles down shore, and as a relic of Russian rule this airy and graveled walk is the most appreciated by residents, tourist and exiled officers of our navy. As the one promenade in Alaska, it has a unique fame, and after two weeks on shipboard we were properly thankful for the chance of a long walk that did not go over stony beaches or miry paths sunk deep in the heart of the rank forest growth. A "blarney stone" of mysterious origin and many legends lies besides this pathway at the edge of the town, and many Russian maidens and skeptical strangers have kissed its smooth top.

The castle, the church, the old Government barracks and the Custom House constitute the public buildings and sight-seeing places of Sitka, and a row of howitzers at the foot of the castle steps and before the barracks give a certain air of importance to what presumably stands for the heart of the city. The castle, where the Romanoffs, Mangells, Kupriasoffs, Makstuoffs and other stately Russians held sway, is now untenanted, save by the signal officer, who keeps his whirligigs and instruments in the tower and lives in one of the lower rooms. The castle is built of heavy cedar logs and plants in a way to fit it for a fortress, and with care and occupancy would last for centuries. No banner hangs from its outer walls or from the roof, and the empty rooms, with their deep windows, tall porcelain stoves, and quaint brass chandeliers and latches, are just the habitations for historical and aristocratic ghosts. Occasionally the officers of the men-of-war get up entertainments in the extemporized theatre on the upper floor, and the old drawing-room of the Governors' wives, is the scene of all the balls and revels that the high society of Sitka indulges into. Otherwise the ghosts and the rats and the signal officers have it to themselves; and there is the ghost of a beautiful Russian Princess who still haunts the deserted castle. Like a well-behaved ghost, the Princess comes out at the midnight hour. She wears long, trailing robes of black, and her forehead, her neck and wrists are flashing with diamonds. She wrings her beautiful white hands, and wanders, with sorrowful mien, from room to room, and leaves a faint perfume as of wild roses where she passes. Innumerable young officers from the men-of-war have nerved up their spirits and gone to spend a solitary night in the castle, but none have yet held authentic converse with the beautiful spirit and learned the true story of her unresting sorrow. By tradition the lady in black was the daughter of one of the old Governors. On her wedding night she disappeared from the ballroom in the midst of the festivities, and, after long search, was found dead in one of the small drawing rooms. Being forced to marry against her will, one belief was that she voluntarily took poison, while another version ascribes the deed to an unhappy lover; while altogether the tale of this Lucia of the Northwest isles gives just the touch of sentimental interest to the castle of the old Russian Government

Pious and Philosophical Gems.

—One of the greatest blessings you can enjoy is a tender, honest, enlightened conscience.

—Knowledge is that which next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.

—God is glad when anyone honors father and mother, grandfather and grandmother who are worn down by age.

—We must remember that there are three things from which we cannot escape—the eye of God, the voice of our conscience, and, finally, the stroke of death.

The Land Beyond.

The land beyond the sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore;
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar;
When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait and dreams.
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea.

—*Faber.*

—But few men are systematical in character. They are not properly rounded out. They are of angularities, too much developed in some directions and not enough in others. Hence, almost every man has his hobby, some idea, whether important or not, which dominates his life. It is a nice thing to possess a well-balanced mind, that can view every subject in its proper light, and give it that consideration which its importance demands. Such men, guarding against extremes, generally pursue a judicious course, and may be regarded as safe guides. If men generally would only learn to do so, we would have fewer cranks.

—If we would built high, let us begin low and deep. A true sense of sin will bring us nearer to Jesus. Once brought near to him and living a life of faith in him, we shall bear more fruit to his glory.

—Some persons seem to delight in inflicting cruelty upon others; but no one enjoys receiving it. If all would realize that cruelty is as bitter to others as it is to themselves, there would be less of it practiced.

—Take the sunny side of toil. It is made the inheritance of all, by a law that is universal and inexorable and that fearfully avenges its violation. It is the command of God, and like all his mandates, is wise and merciful. Do not grieve because others appear more favored than yourself, for such appearances are often found to be deceptive.

A Fairy Cavern In the Rockies.

About a month ago Walk Williams and Joe Russell, whill sinking a shaft upon their Cave Mine, on the eastern slope of Copper Queen Hill, in Bisbee, at a depth of about thirty feet broke in upon an opening the extent of which was not fully known until day before yesterday, when a whole large enough to admit a man was made. Rocks had been thrown down, and from the resound it was evident that the opening was of considerable extent; but it was not until a man with candles had been lowered with a rope to a distance of fifty feet that the full extent of the place was discovered. With lighted candles he explored the cave, rivaling in grandeur that of Alladin, with the difference that instead of precious stones our Bisbee cave was literally hung with stalactites of copper stain, while from the bottom uprose stalagmites of the same material, caused by thousands of years of trickling water through the overlying limestone. On all sides were found great deposits of copper carbonates in places appearing like green velvet, the greenish reflection from all sides appearing ghostlike, but grand.—*American Star.*

Wooing a Female Medical Student.

Miss Mary Flynn was studying medicine and courted at the same time. Mr. William Budd was attending to the latter part of the business. One evening while they were sitting together in the parlor Mr. Budd was thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts to him. "Do you know," said she, "that thousands of people are actually ignorant that they smell with the olfactory peduncle?" "Millions of 'em," replied Mr. Budd. "And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me when I told her she could not wink without a sphincter muscle!" "How unreasonable!" "Why a person cannot even kiss without a sphincter!" "Indeed?" "I know it is so." "May I try if I can?" "O, Mr. Budd, it is really to bad of you to make light of such a subject." Mr. Budd seized her hand and kissed it. She permitted it to remain in his grasp. "I did not notice," he said, "whether a—a—what do you call it?—a sphincter helped me then or not. Let me try again. Then he tried again, and while he held her she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body. "It is remarkable how much you know about such things," said Mr. Budd—"really wonderful. Now, for example, what is the bone at the back of the head called?" "Why, the occipital bone of course." "And what are the names of the muscles of the arms?" "The spiralis and the infra-spiralis, among other." "Well I put my infra-spiralis around your waist, so, it is your occipital bone that rests upon my shoulder-blade, in this way." "My back hair, primitively, but the occipital bone, of course, afterward. But, Mr. Budd, suppose pa should come in and see us?" "Let him come who cares?" said Mr. Budd boldly. "I think I'd exercise a sphincter again and take a kiss." "Mr. Budd, how can you?" said Miss Flynn, after he had performed the feat. "Don't call me Mr. Budd; call me Willie," he said, drawing her closer. "You accept me, don't you? I know you do, darling." "Willie," whispered Miss Flynn, faintly. "What, darling!" "I can hear your heart beat." "It beats only for you, my angel" "And it sounds to me out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform." "Small wonder for that when it's bursting with joy." "You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine." "It's your own property, darling, do what you please with it. But somehow the sphincter operation is the one, that strikes me the most favorable. Let me see how it works again." But why proceed? The old, old story was told again, and the old, old performance of the muscles of Mr. Budd's mouth was enacted again. And about eight years later Mr. Budd was wishing that Mary would catch some disease among her patients, and Mary was thinking the best possible use Willie could be put to would be as a subject for the dissecting table.

It Was All Right.

A man who was looking through a second-hand store in Brooklyn, with a view of finding a bedstead to suit him finally examined one, and asked: "Are you sure there are no bugs in this?" "Bugs! Vhy dot pedstead was oudt of my own family! We got it vhen my brudder Moses vhas here, und now he has gone away I sell it for half-price." "Say, I believe it has had bugs in." "Ompossible, my friendt. My wife vhas so neat dot if she knew of such tings in der house she go grazy." "And I'll be hanged if here isn't proof!" exclaimed the customer, as he pointed to unimpeachable evidence. "Vhell! vhell!" The customer was going out with a heart-broken look on his face, when the other detained him, and said: "Dot's all right after all. Ef you puy dot pedstead you know you have bugs from a respectable family! Moses was head-clerk in Rochester, und you knew I vhas here twenty-seven years in peesness."

Scientific.

—Hay fever is increasing year by year in this country, according to the *Medical News.*

—The signal station on Pike's Peak, 14,156 feet high, is the highest building in the world inhabited the year round.

—Prof. Swift, of Rochester, who announced the discovery of a new comet, telegraphs to the Harvard Observatory that it is not a comet, but a nebula.

—Within sixty days no less than twenty-five artesian well have been sunk in Denver, each of which is flowing pure water. Their average depth is 325 feet.

—Dr. Clauston, an Edinburgh physician, says: "All acute mental diseases, like most nervous diseases, tend to thinness of body, and therefore all foods and all medicines and all treatments that fatten are good. To my assistants and nurses and patients I preach the gospel of fatness as the great antidote to the exhausting tendencies of the disease we have to treat, and it would be well if all people of nervous constitution would obey this gospel.

—A marine bicycle tested at Springfield resembles the roadster in only two particulars, the rider being astride a saddle and working with his feet and hands. The water machine consists of two parallel beams about four feet apart, each six inches deep and eight inches thick in the center, tapering to the ends. In the middle is the saddle, and behind that a mock wheel. The pedals turn two cogs, one of which is at the end of an iron rod connecting with an eight inch screw at the stern. Working the pedals causes a lively flutter of the little screw and sends the craft along faster than a man will ordinarily row a pleasure boat. The craft ploughing along in mid-stream, makes the rider look very much as if he were walking on the water.

Medical Practice in Persia.

Dr. C. J. Mills, an English physician who has resided for fifteen years in Persia, has recently written an interesting work entitled "The Land of the Lion and the Sun." Some of his medical experiences are given. The author had the privilege of attending Persians in their illness. At first he was astonished at receiving no emoluments, but found out that his servants pocketed his legitimate fees. One day a poor patient sends him some money inclosed in a handsome purse. The Doctor returns the money, but keeps the purse. Then a rich man hears of this pays the Doctor in money, and puts it, too, in a handsome bag. The Doctor keeps the money, and, very much to the disgust of his patient, sends back the purse. A well-to-do baker has a cataract, and our medico cures him of the trouble and receives about £4 for his fee. When the Persian regains his sight he insists that he is still blind, worse than ever, demands back the money, and is clamorous for an additional sum for an indemnity. The medico knows him to be a rascal, and suddenly flourishes an amputatien knife before the blind man, who at once runs away as fast his legs can carry him. Demands were constant for quinine, and the Doctor had been particularly instructed to distribute it freely when cases required the febrifuge. But the cry for quinine became so constant that the author was certain that it was obtained under false pretenses. Then as a rule, he administered it in solution, or if his servants wanted it he put it in a dry state in their mouths. Then the cry for quinine diminished. In the case of his servants, it was the legitimate mokadel, or perquisites of office they were after. They collected the quinine and sold it.—*Medical Record.*

A Diamond Story.

Colored diamonds are supposed to be manufactured nowadays for the unwary, but I heard of a new dodge last week. A photographer who has had considerable experience in expert detective cases said to me: "We have a new use for photography—the testing of precious stones. The business began in this way: One day last year a diamond expert with quite a reputation in the business was asked by a stranger to buy a remarkably fine diamond. Eight thousand dollars was asked for it. The expert tested it in every manner known to the business and examined it carefully with a glass. It was a magnificent stone, of superb color and shape. He offered $7000, and the man took the money and went away. A day or two after that the stone was shown as a great bargain to some other experts, one of whom, after examining it closely for a long time, declared that there was something very peculiar about the way in which the light went through the stone. The owner was advised to take it to me and have it tested by a ray of sunlight sent through a camera. It was brought to my studio with several other diamonds, and whereas one diamond would allow a beam of light to pass clear and straight the $7000 stone seemed to have something in it which stopped the beam. A powerful microscope was then brought into play, and the fine diamond was found to be two stones joined together with marvelous dexterity by the aid of what is known as Canada balsam, the material used by all opticians in joining two lenses. Each stone was worth about $1250, and the loss on the transaction was $4500. The stones came apart on the application of certain chemicals.—*Boston Herald.*

Pineapple Pudding.—Butter a pudding dish and line the bottom and sides with slices of stale cake (sponge cake is best); pare and slice thin a large pineapple; place in the dish first a layer of pineapple, then strew with sugar, then more pineapple, and so on until all is used. Pour over a small teacupful of water, and cover with slices of cake which have been dipped in cold water; cover the whole with a buttered plate, and bake slowly for two hours.

THE MARRIED MAN.

Adown the street the married man
  Starts off with hurried tread
But from the door the wifely voice
  Calls, "Don't forget the bread."

He smiles and nods, and turns to go,
  The careless married man,
When loud the servant calls him, "Oh!
  You haven't got the can."

He nods again in fretful style,
  But pulleth down his hat:
And lo, his sister, with a smile,
  Cries, "Won't you bring my hat?"

"Oh, yes," he shouts, and truth to tell,
  He need not shout so loud:
But shrill his son, with stunning yell,
  "Theatre tickets for the crowd!"

His daughter from the window high
  Estops him with her call;
She wants a fan, a pair of gloves,
  And a new pink parasol.

He hears no more; far down the street
  His echoing footsteps fly;
And all day long, in measure fleet,
  He hums, "Sweet buy and buy."

But when the evening respite brings,
  And his day's toil is done,
Though told to get a hundred things,
  He hasn't got a one.

John Brisben, Nobleman.

Colonel George W. Symmonds in the Detroit *Free Press*, says the governor pardoned John Brisben, a penitentiary convict He was sent up from Bourbon for fifteen years for forgery, and hadten years yet to serve. Our readers are familiar with the history of the case, and the humane action of his exellency will be generally commended.—*Frankford*, (Ky.) *Yeoman*.

I read this little paragraph, and my mind went back six years. I knew John Brisben, and I knew his twin brother Joseph. I was familiar with the details of the action that placed him in a felon's cell, and now when the sad affair is brought back to my mind so vividly I must write it out, for never before have I met, in prose or poetry, in real life or in romance, a greater hero than plain, matter-of-fact John Brisben.

The Brisbens came of good stock. I think the great grandfather of my hero emigrated to Kentucky when Kenton's station, between the present city of Maysville and the historic old town of Washington, was the principal settlement on the "dark and bloody ground." He came from upper Pennsylvania and located about five miles from the Ohio river, on Limestone creek. He was an industrious, strong-limbed, iron-hearted old fellow, and in a few years his surroundings were of the most comfortable description. One of his sons Edwin Brisben, once represented Kentucky in the federal congress. I think he was the grandfather of John and Joseph Brisben. Their father's name was Samuel, and he died when they were little children, leaving his widow an excellent blue-grass farm and a snug little fortune in stocks, bonds and mortgages. The widow remained unmarried until her death. Mrs. Samuel Brisben was a good woman and she idolized her twin boys. Like most twins, the brothers resembled each other in a striking manner, and even intimate acquaintances could not tell them apart. But although the physical resemblance was so strong there was great dissimilarity in the disposition of the twins. Joseph Brisben was very surly and morose, sometimes cunning and revengeful. He was withal a dreamer and enthusiast; a man well learned in books, a brilliant, frothy talker when he chose to be sociable (which was seldom), a splendid horseman and a most excellent shot. John Brisben, on the contrary, was cheerful and bright, honorable and forgiving. He was a man of high and moral principle, intensely methodical and practical, cared little for books, and, although he said but little, was a splendid companion. He was a poor horseman, and I don't think he ever shot a gun in his life. He loved his brother, and when they were boys together, suffered punishment many times, and uncomplainingly, that "Jodie" might go scot free. His life was therefore a constant sacrifice, but the object of this loving adoration made but shabby returns for this unselfish devotion.

They were 20 years old when their mother died very suddenly. Joseph made a great pretense of grief, and was so hysterical at the grave that he had to be led away.

John, on the contrary, never demonstrative, took the great affliction with his customary coolness. He said but little, and shed no tears.

The property left the boys was considerable. The day they were twenty-one years old, the trustees met and made settlement. There was the blue-grass farm, valued at $50,000, and $100,000 in well-invested securities, which could be turned into money. Joseph demanded a division.

"You can take the farm, Jack," he said. "I was never cut out for a farmer. Give me $75,000 in money for my share."

So this sort of a division was made. John continued on at the homestead, working in his plain, methodical way, and slowly adding to his share of the money what he could raise out of the profits of the farm. Joseph, with his newly acquired wealth, set up an establishment at the nearest town, and began a life of pleasure of the grosser sort. His brother gave him no advice for he knew it would be useless. Joseph spent his money with great prodigality, and before he knew it he was a beggar. In the meantime, John's $25,000 had doubled itself. One day Joseph came to him with a full confession of his pecuniary troubles.

"Jack," he said, "I am not only a beggar, but I am heavily in debt. Help me out, like a good fellow, and I will settle down and begin life in sober earnest. With my capacity for business, I can soon make enough to repay you. I have sown my wild oats, and with a little help I can soon recover all that I have squandered so foolishly."

For an answer, John placed his name to an order for the $25,000 he had earned so laboriously.

"Will that be enough, Jodie," he asked, "because I have as much more, which you can have if it is necessary."

"This will be sufficient, old fellow," was the reply. "In two years I will pay it back."

He went back to town, drew his money, paid his debts, sold some of his horses and discharged several of his servants. Twenty thousands dollars was left out of the loan. He invested this in business, and for a while seemed to have really reformed. John was encouraged to say:

"Jodie will come out all right. He is smarter than I, and in five years will be worth more money than I could make in a lifetime."

In less than three years Joseph Brisben's affairs were in the hands of creditors, and sheriff's officers closed out his business. Again he turned to his brother for help and sympathy.

"I own that I managed a trifle carelessly," he said by way of explanation. "Experience is a dear teacher, and the lesson I have learned I shall never forget. If you come to my assistance now I can soon recover myself."

Once more John Brisben placed his name to a check payable to the order of his brother, and Joseph entered into business again. In two years he was a bankrupt.

"I shall never succeed in business, Jack," he said. "Help me out of this trouble, and I will live with you on the farm. I shall succeed as a farmer."

It took all of John Brisben's hoard to pay his brother's debts, but he made no complaint, uttered no reproach. He said:

"I am glad you are coming back to the farm, Jodie. You need not do any work, and we shall be very happy together."

So Joseph took up his residence on the farm, and remembering his brother's words, devoted his time principally to hunting, fishing and riding about the country.

In the meantime, John Brisben had fallen in love, and the daughter of a neighboring farmer, Compton by name, was his promised wife. Being a man of strict honor himself, and having full confidence in his brother, he did not object when Joseph began to pay his affianced very marked attention.

"I am glad that he likes her," he thought. "I am so busy on the farm, that I have little time for pleasure, and Alice is so fond of amusement."

One night Joseph came to him just as the shadows of the evening were beginning to fall. There was a triumpant ring in his voice as he spoke.

"Jack, old boy," he said, holding out his hand, "congratulate me. I think that from to-day I can date the beginning of a new life. Alice Compton has promised to be my wife."

He was too much engrossed with his new happiness to see the effect of this announcement as portrayed on John's face he did not notice how the strong man's hand trembled in his own.

"Is it true, faltered John at last."

"Why, of course it is. Are you not glad? We love each other, and shall be very happy."

"We love each other and shall be very happy," repeated John mechanically, and all the sunshine of his life sunk behind the heavy clouds of despair. "Yes, Jodie, I am glad, and I wish you long years of happiness."

He turned away, and staggered, rather than walked to his own room. He did not stir all night. Once a deep, sobbing groan struggled to his lips, and the moonbeams struggling through the window fell full upon his face, and surprised two great tears stealing down his pale cheeks. He brushed away this evidence of weakness and sorrow and when the morrow came, no one looking into his calm, serene, eyes would have guessed how hard was the battle that had been fought and won in that lonely chamber.

They were married, and the man rejected by the bride and supplanted by the groom was the first to congratulate the newly married pair. A vacant house on the farm was fitted up for their reception and John Brisben's money paid for their furnishing.

"Hereafter, Jodie," he said, "we will divide the profits of the farm. I don't need much, and you shall have the larger share."

Ten years passed away, and John Brisben, an old man before his time, still worked from dawn to dark that his brother might play the gentlemen, and keep in comfort the large family which the years had drawn around him. It had been necessary to mortgage the old homestead to raise money to pay Joseph's gambling debts, for of late years he had played heavily, and had invariably lost.

One day—it was in 1871—a forged check was presented at one of the banks of the shire town by Joseph Brisben, and the money for which it called was unhesitatingly paid over to him. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and deeply interested in a game of cards for high stakes, which was in progress. The check was for $2500, I think. Before daylight next morning, Joseph Brisben had lost every dollar of it. To drown his chagrin, he became beastly drunk, and while in this condition an officer arrived and apprehended him for forgery and uttering a forged check.

The prisoner was confined in jail, and word of his disgrace sent to John Brisben. The latter read the message and a mist came over his eyes. He groaned audibly, and but for a strong effort of the will, would have fallen to the floor, so weak was he by the terrible shock.

"She must not know it," he said to himself, and he made instant preparations to visit his brother. When he reached the jail he was admitted to the cell of the wretched criminal. The brothers remained together several hours. What passed during the interview will never be known. When John Brisben emerged from the jail he went straight to the magistrate who had issued the warrant for the apprehension of Joseph Brisben.

"Squire," he said in his slow, hesitating way, "you have made a mistake."

"In what way, Mr. Brisben?" asked the magistrate, who had a high regard to his visitor.

"You have caused the arrest of an innocent man."

"But—" began the magistrate.

"Issue an order for my brother's instant release. He is innocent of the intent to do wrong. I forged the name of Charles Ellison to the check which he uttered. He did not know that it was a forgery."

"You!" cried the astounded magistrate. "You a forger—impossible."

"Nothing is impossible in these days, sir," said the white-haired old man, sternly. "I alone am guilty. My brother is innocent."

So stoutly did he aver that he was the forger that the magistrate reluctantly issued a warrant for his arrest and at the same time wrote an order to the jailer for the release of Joseph Brisben.

"My constable will be in soon," said the magistrate; but the old hero picked up both the papers.

"I will not trouble him," he said. "I will execute both the papers."

And he did. Handing the jailer both papers he explained their meaning thus:

"They have made a mistake. It is I who am to be your prisoner. My brother is innocent."

Accordingly Joseph Brisben was released and returned to the farm. John remained at jail a prisoner. When the extraordinary affair became known, several prominent citizens offered to go on the accused man's bond, but he would not accept their kind offices. At the trial he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to fifteen years hard labor in the penitentiary. Joseph came to see him before he was removed to Frankfort, but their interview was a private one.

Joseph Brisben remained at the farm, but he was a changed man. From the day of his release from jail down to the time of his death, he was never known to touch a card, and a drop of liquor never passed his lips. Last April he died, and his confession, duly sworn to before a justice of the peace, was made public after his burial. In substance, it was this. That he was guilty for the forgery for which his heroic brother was suffering a long imprisonment.

"It was my brother's wish, not mine," reads the document. "He insisted that he who had no ties of blood or marriage, could better suffer the punishment and disgrace than I who had dependant on me large family."

Noble John Brisben! Of such stuff are heroes made.—*American Rural Home.*

POTATO BALLS.—Wash, pare and soak as many potatoes as you think you will need. Usually, allow two for each person, as you wish to be sure of enough, and if any be left over they can be so easily utilized and made into such palatable dishes that they are never lost or wasted. Cook them in boiling, salted water for half an hour, or until tender, drain them and, if they are small, put two at a time in a coarse napkin; twist the napkin and wring out the water in the potato. Then turn them out carefully on to a hot platter, and serve at once. They are light, dry and mealy, and look like mock snowballs. You must take care to wring the napkin hard, so the potatoes will keep a good, round shape.

Kitchen Economies.

VEGETABLE PORRIDGE.—Scrape and peel the following vegetables: Six carrots six turnips, six onions, three heads of celery and three parsnips. Slice up all these very thin and put them in a two-gallon pot, with four ounces of butter, a handful of parsley and a good sprig of thyme, and fill up with water or pot-liquor, if you happen to have any; season with pepper and salt, and put the whole to boil very gently for two hours. At the end of this time the vegetables will be done to a pulp, and the whole must be rubbed through a colander with a wooden spoon, and afterward put back into the pot and stirred over the fire, to make it hot for dinner.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—Two tablespoonfuls of coarse meal and a pint or a half-pint of milk or water, according as the patient requires thick or thin gruel, or may take milk or not. Stir the meal smoothly and thoroughly into the milk or water, and let it steep for two hours; then pour off the top, leaving the coarse sediment as refuse; boil up the gruel thus obtained; then cover it closely and leave it to seethe for about ten minutes; add salt or sugar to taste. This is the best mode of making.

COCOANUT POUND CAKE.—Beat one pound of pulverized sugar with half a pound of the best butter, to a nice smooth cream. To this add the grated yellow rind of one fresh lemon, a gill of cream and four eggs. Stir and beat all well together, then add one pound of sifted flour, in which you have thoroughly mixed two heaping teaspoonfuls of Heckers' baking powder. Beat all well together, and then add and stir lightly in the grated meat of one fine fresh cocoanut. Bake in buttered and papered pans in a good oven. —*The Caterer.*

LAYER FRUIT CAKE.—One coffee cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of butter, two cups of flour, the whites of five eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flavor with vanilla. Take from this one large tablespoonful; bake the rest in two cakes as for jelly cake. To this tablespoonful add a half a cup each of chopped raisins, chopped citron, of flour and of molasses; two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, and one wineglass of brandy. Bake this in one layer. Put the cake together with soft frosting, putting the fruit layer in the middle. The top may be frost or not, as you please.

ICING FOR CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Take two ounces of prepared chocolate; do not grate it, but put it unbroken on a pie-plate or in a shallow basin, and set it on the back part of the stove, where it will melt slowly. Of course it must be watched carefully and kept from burning. When it is all melted add four tablespoonfuls of milk, two of water, and a teacupful of sugar; mix thoroughly, and let it boil for five minutes. Make the cake after any good layer cake recipe. When the cake is cold spread the chocolate on the layers and on the top of the cake, and set that in the oven to harden.

KEEPING HONEY.—To keep honey the year round, let it run through a fine sieve, to separate it from the particles of wax, then boil it gently in an earthen vessel, skim off the foam which gathers on top, and cool it in jars. Cover tightly and set in a cool cellar.

SWISS CARNIVAL CAKES.—Beat up three eggs with half a pint of milk and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Let it stand a few hours; then add enough flour to roll it out very thin. Cut it in strips or any other fanciful shape, throw them into hot fat and fry a very pale brown.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Twelve eggs; twelve cupfuls of sugar; six lemons; one tablespoonful of flour; two tablespoonfuls of cream. Grate and squeeze the lemons, mix the sugar well with them, add the well-beaten yelks, then the flour, the cream, and, last of all, the well-beaten whites. Bake in pie-plates, lined with rich puff paste.

LOBSTER SALAD.—Pick all the meat from the body and claws of a cold boiled lobster and chop it fine; chop separately the white part of a head of celery or lettuce and mix with the lobster meat. Season with pepper, salt, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, five oil, three of thick sweet cream, and the finely minced yelks of four hard-boiled eggs, a tablespoonful of French mustard and a few capers.

FRESH MACKERAL.—Clean the fish; scald a bunch of herbs and chop them fine, and put them with one ounce of butter, three tablespoonfuls of soup stock into a stewpan. Lay in the mackerel, and simmer gently for ten minutes. Lift them out upon a hot dish; dredge a little flour, and add salt, cayenne, a little lemon juice, and finally two tablespoonfuls of cream; let these just boil, and pour over the fish.

BOILED TONGUE.—If the tongue is not hard soak it not more than three hours. Put it into a stewpan with plenty of cold water and a bunch of herbs; let it come to a boil, skim, and simmer gently until tender; peel off the skin and garnish it with parsley and lemon. If to serve it cold fasten it to a board with a fork through the root and another through the top to straighten it; when cold glace it and dress with tufts of parsley.

A DELICIOUS cake is made by beating five eggs very light; beat the whites and yelks separately, and if the yelks are at all lumpy strain them. Beat three cups of powdered sugar and one cup of butter to a cream; add one cup of sweet milk, four cups of sifted flour, in which you have mixed one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, and the juice and the grated peel of one lemon. Put the whites of the eggs in last. Bake in a moderate oven in one large, round loaf, or in two long narrow tints.

About Women.

know a woman wondrous fair—
  A model woman she—
Who never runs her neighbors down
  When she goes out to tea.
She never gossips after church
  Of dresses or of hats;
She never meets the sewing school
  And joins them in their spats.
She never beats a salesman down,
  Nor asks for pretty plaques;
She never asks the thousand things
  Which do his patience tax.
These statements may seem very strange
  At least they may to some;
But just remember this, my friends,
  The woman's deaf and dumb.

—A Montreal girl turned in and whipped a tailor who only paid her 40 cents for making a coat, the agreed price being $2.50, and heartless magistrate fined her 20 cents and remitted the costs.

—The first person appointed to office under the new civil service rules was Mary F. Hoyt, of Connecticut. She scored 88.86 out of a possible 100 points in her examination. She gets a clerkship in the treasury department.

—Dr. Holmes thus stands up for the women: "There is no such thing as a female punster. I never knew nor heard of one, though I have once or twice heard a woman make a single detached pun, as I have known a hen to crow.

—A Philadelphia woman who was arrested a short time ago for begging on the streets was found to live in a handsome and elegantly furnished house. She set a fine table, owned a carriage, and, except when begging, wore very fine clothes. Her four children, the eldest eleven and the youngest three years old, are all prrfessional beggars.

—As caps in some countries denote the stratus of the femenine wearer hair-dressing in Japan tells of the lady's condition. There, a girl, at the age of nine wears her hair tied up in a red scarf, the forehezd being left bare, with the exception of a couple of locks, one on each side. When she is of marriageable age she combs her hair forward, makes it up in the shape of a butterfly or fan and decorates it with silver cord and balls. A widow who wishes for a second husband twists her hair around a tortoise shell pin, while an inconsolable widow cuts her hair short. These last are said to be rare.

—Miss Middy Morgan, the live-stock reporter of the New York *Times*, happened to be left in charge of a cottage in a New Jersey village, where she was visiting, a few days ago. To her appeared two villainous-looking tramps. "Well, have you anything for us, old woman?" asked one of the fellows. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "just wait and I'll bring it down." Miss Morgan went quickly up stairs, and in half a minute returned with a seven-shooter firmly grasped in her right hand. "This is what I have for you," said she. "How do you like it?" The tramps did not wait to answer the question, but got out as fast as their legs could carry them.

—The electricity generated by the machinery in one of the great Harmony mills, at Cohoes, owing to peculiar conditions which are not perfectly understood, has of late so charged the atmosphere as to affect the employes unpleasantly. Various attempts were made without result to remove the nuisance, but at last a network of wires running through the mill has been successfully employed to collect the electricity and conduct it to the ground.

—Many weird tales have been told of seeds found in the hands of Egyptian mummies being planted and growing into some flower of wonderful beauty, but with so dead a perfume that it destroyed the lives of its wearers. It is a fact that an English market gardener has recently raised peas from some dried ones found in the grip of a mummy. When Michael Davitt was in Portland prison, too, one of the visitors became interested in the little garden which the founder of the Land league was allowed to amuse himself by cultivating and sent him some flower seeds which had come in like manner from the tomb of an Egyptian. Davitt planted the seeds and reared specimens of the flora of old Egypt.

WISDOM.

RICHARD H. STODDARD.

Not in what the schoolmen write,
  But in simpler leaves than theirs
Look for wisdom; in your sight
  It is lurking unawares.
See yon bush, aflame with roses,
  Like the burning Bush of Moses—
Learn what wisdom there discloses,
  Listen there, and you shall hear
What the schoolmen never knew;
  How from out it, soft and clear,
God is speaking (hark!) to you.
  Learn the wisdom of the roses
That on sunshine live, and dew:
  They have never asked what Moses
Thought was wisdom. Why should you?

Jocose Clips.

—Government pastry—A mint spy.

—The provincial press—a cider mill.

—It never perspires but it pores.

—An echo is a halloa mockery.

—Outward bound—Books.

—A forbidding profession—The auctioneer's.

—Pound marks are always found with pugilists.

—Very few brass bands in a military parade can play as many airs as the drum major puts on.

—A man whose best works are always trampled under foot—A carpe manufacturer.

—When a man does not get up with the lark in the morning, the presumption is that he was out on a swallow the night previous.

—"How sensible your little boy talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Yes," replied Mrs. Brown, "he hasn't been among company yet."

—An exchange speaks of a man who "is but one step removed from an ass," He'd better make it three or four. The animal has a long reach backward.

—Satire can no further go than when Sam Johnson said to a booby, "If I have said anything that you understand, sir I humbly crave the pardon of the rest of the company."

—Judge Walsh, of Chicago, has decided that it is not cruelty to attack damaged tinware to the tail of a dog in order to make the animal beat 2.40. This would seem to indicate that Judge Walsh does not keep dogs and his neighbors do.

—The addresses of a certain young man having been declined by a young lady he paid court to her sister. "How much you resemble your sister," said he, on the evening of the first call. "You have got the same hair, and the same forehead, and the same eyes—" "And the same nose," she added quickly. He has stopped calling at the house.

—"Well," remarked a young M. D. just returned from college, "I suppose that the next thing will be to hunt a good situation, and then wait for something to do, like Patience on a monument." "Yes," said a bystander; "and it won't be long after you begin before the monuments will be on the patients."

—The windows of houses in the Phillippine isles are made of pellucid oyster shells, which admit light, but cannot be seen through. It is not explained how the woman, who sits up till after midnight to ascertain what hour the beau of the young lady opposite leaves, overcomes this difficulty.

—An Englishman shooting small game in Germany remarked to his host that there was a speck of danger in shooting in America. "Ah," said the host, "you like danger mit your sport? Den you go out shooting mit me. De last time I shoot mine brudder-in-law in the stchomack."

—"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a travelling quack doctor of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs; "leave them with the heal toward the house, if you please."

—"I understand you have rented another house," said an Austin gentleman to an acquaintance. "Do you like the location?" "Yes, quite a number of conveniences. There's a livery stable on one side, a lager beer saloon next door and a lard factor right aeross the street. Everything seems handy enough, as far as I can see."

—A father of the high school girl had a long discussion the other night with a politician, and after the latter had gone, the girl remarked, quoting from Shakespeare, "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." "Well," replied the old man, "I don't understand the dead language, but if you are trying to say he is a crank, I'm with you every time."

—An English paper says: Of the 269,547 owners of land set down in the new doomsday book, no less than 37,806 are women.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor

CENTRE HALL, PA., Oct. 18, 1883.

A HEADLESS PARTY.

The Republican party is now a party without a head, says the *World*. It has assassinated, physically or morally, all great leaders. Grant has fallen under the guillotine of the Third term and dropped into stocks and mines. John Sherman has died of Garfield and Charley Foster. Blaine is dead and buried in a guano bed. Garfield was murdered. Edmunds is smothered in respectability. Dorsey, the most capable of the leaders of to-day, has got mad and gone to New Mexico.

Who are in their places? Woodpulb Miller, whom a Session juryman had never heard of. Charley Foster who lied about Judge Hoadly, Governor-elect of Ohio. Robeson, the pirate of the U. S. N. William E. Chandler, a political lobbyist. Chet Arthur, the predecessor of Johnny O'Brien in the management of the New York machine. And others of the same caliber, including a number of "loyal" Southern brigadiers.

What wonder if some Republicans, recognizing the pitiable condition of their party, should turn their eyes up towards the windows of a modest little office on Wall and Broad streets and sigh for Roscoe Conkling! What wonder that they should recall the days when his eloquent voice rang out in the United States Senate, and told the world that the party of Abraham Lincoln had still one able and honest leader left.

JUDGE ORVIS TO RESIGN.

Bellefonte, Oct. 10.—John H. Orvis, of Bellefonte, President Judge of the Forty-ninth Judicial district, has declared his intention of resigning and of resuming the practice of law. It is intimated that he will become a law partner of Senator William A. Wallace.—*Times.*

JURORS—NOV. COURT.

Jurors for 3d Monday, Nov.—Ferguson—Geo Bailey, R Ewing.....Howard—J A Woodward.....Gregg, J Grove, jr., Cy. Luse, D Burrell, Isaac Smith.....Curtin, W M Leathers, C Singer.....Bellefonte, W B Rankin, S A M Quistion, A Loeb I Cedar, R Ray.....Phillipsburg, J Ferguson, W Riddle, A V Carpenter.....Rush, W Hutton, J O'Niel.....Spring, Isaac Reish, A J Swartz.....Potter, A Gregg, Rub. Stump, A Krumrine.....Haines, W H Phillips.....Halfmoon, T Gray, W Wilson.....Snowshoe, W H Crisman, M Glenn.....Liberty, A Stover.....Marion, Calvin Harper.....Worth, L H Olmon, H H Osman.....Harris, E Weber.....Penn, B Frankenberger.....Patton, J B Mattern.

GRAND JURORS, 4th Monday.—Boggs, C Curtin, J A Crider, G W Fleck.....Gregg, W Heckman, John Rossman, J W Evens, F Hartman.....Huston, J P Turner, J Henderson.....Patton, P A Sellers, G W F Gray.....Potter, E Hosterman, J H Runkle, Peter Brood.....Miles, E S Shafer.....Worth, Jas. Morrison, G F Jones.....Millheim, W S Musser.....Bellefonte, W Harper.....Howard, E Heckman.....Union, J C Peters.....Harris, S F Isaler.....Rush, W F Cullen.....Walker, S Homan.

TRAVERSE JURORS, 1st week.—Rush, J E Blowers, J Dumbleton.....Penn, D E Gentzel, Harry Kling.....Walker, W Webner, J Garbrick, John Delany.....Haines, H O Bower, J S Homan, J W Runkle.....Harris, Henry Swab, W D Keller, Ferguson, S Dunlap, Al Hoy, John Bailey.....Liberty, D Confer.....Howard, J R Leathers, J Leathers.....Huston, F Craig.....Unionville, W Vanvalin.....Bellefonte, E T Uzzle, D Haines, J E McCartney, H M Montgomery, G T Gerberick.....Spring, Sol. Lyon, Wm. Bilger.....Gregg, Jacob M'Cool, G B Crawford, J B Heckman.....Union, G Sheesly, J Z Long.....Phillipsburg, J Peightol, W Wilson, W Davis.....Snowshoe, W Lowman.....Miles, D Harter.....Boggs, F Harvey.....Worth, J Woodring.....College, G S Keller, W Patterson.....Potter, M Shires, W J Thompson, W Henry.....Millheim, H Brown.....Benner, J Henderson.....Patton, T B Waddle.....Halfmoon, T Way.

JURORS, 2d week.—Boggs, G W Leyman, H Heaton, T Watson, J A Whitehill.....Phillipsburg, W G Heimach, C R Custard, J B Childs.....Walker, H Bartholmew, S Martin, R Long.....Bellefonte, C H Reisler, J Schofield, J Fox, C Strickland.....Millheim, S G Gutelius.....College, W Grow, Wm Tresler, R Foster.....Potter, M L Emerick, J M Gilliland.....Haines, H J Crouse.....Benner, W H Glose.....Union, J B Alexander.....Burnside, W Zimmerman.....Miles, J R Wolf, J Hazel, Jr., J Snavely.....Taylor, G Capenhaver, S Nearnoof.....Liberty, D Kline, M Beondot.....Milesburg, J C F Jones.....Union, J C Steer.....Ferguson, J Fortney Rush, H M'Conn.

Mr. John DuBois, of DuBois, Clearfield county, is said to be worth $14,000,000. Six hundred men are employed in his lumber mills, one thousand get timber from the woods, and six hundred are mining coal for him. He offers to erect a Court House and public building if a new county is made of parts of Clearfield, Elk and Jefferson counties, called DuBois.

—The fall trade in clothing, in this county, appears to be done almost entirely at the Philad. Branch. When a man from the country goes to Bellefonte and wants to buy a suit, the first question he asks is, where is the cheap Philad. Branch clothing store.

Why go about with that aching head? Try Ayer's Pills. They will relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure your headache permanently.

By paying the REPORTER one year in advance and sending us a new name with a year's pay in advance, we will send each the "Chicago Weekly News" free one year as a premium. A splendid chance to get a good western paper free.

(*Continued from last week.*)

How Watch Cases are Made.

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14 2-10 karats fine is soldered on each side of a plate of hard nickel composition metal, and the three are then passed between polished steel rollers. From this plate the various parts of the cases—backs, centers, bezels, etc. are cut and shaped by dies and formers. The gold is thick enough to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving, and engine-turning. The composition metal gives it needed *strength, stiffness* and *solidity*, while the *written* guarantee of the manufacturers *warranting* each case to wear *twenty* years proves that it contains *all* the gold that can possibly be needed. This guarantee is given from *actual results*, as *many* of these cases have been worn perfectly smooth by years of use without wearing through the gold.

DUBUQUE, IA., Dec. 11, 1880.

I have used one of your James Boss' Gold Watch Cases for seventeen years. I bought it second-hand and know of its having been used before I got it, but do not know how long. It looks good for ten years longer. Did not suspect it was a filled case until so informed by a jeweler a short time since. I most cheerfully recommend your cases to be all they are represented to be, and more.

O. MCCLEARY, *Dep. Col. Int. Rev. 3d Dis. Iowa.*

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be Continued.*)

VIEWS AND OPINIONS

The Ohio Election Considered from Many Standpoints.

Judge Foraker Accounting for His Defeat—Sunset Cox Happy—Judge Hoadly still Nervous and Waiting for Official Returns.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 11—12 M.—Returns received up to this hour indicate Hoadly's majority to be about 13,000; second amendment defeated by about 40,000. The Senate will stand 11 Republicans, 24 Democrats; the House 43 Republicans, 62 Democrats; the Supreme Court Democratic. Official returns will not materially change the above.

THE VOTE ON THE SECOND AMENDMENT.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 11.—The vote on the Second Amendment in this State is considerably over 300,000, and the returns still coming in constantly increase the number; still it is believed that it will fail by over 30,000 votes of being adopted. The returns, unofficial, to this hour, do not change the general estimate of the result, viz.: that Hoadly is elected by about 12,000 majority, and that Rose (Rep.) is no doubt elected Lieutenant Governor, he having run ahead of his ticket to a surprising extent.

It is now pretty well ascertained that the Second Amendment is defeated by about the majority cast against it in this city less 10,000. The amendment will go into Hamilton county with 10,000 in its favor, and the majority against it in the State will be about what Hamilton county has cast against it over these figures.

THE ENQUIRER'S HEADINGS.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 11.—The Enquirer (Democratic) this morning has the following election head:

Buckeyed—The Grand Old Party
In the Hour and Article of Death
Rattles its Bones Over the Stones.
It's a Rotten Old Party whom Nobody Owns.
The Buckeye State Fires a Big Broadside for 1884.
Judge George Hoadley Elected Governor.
The Majority Estimated at 12,000.
A Big Democratic Majority in the Legislature.
Securing the Election of a Democratic United States Senator.
But the Prohibitory Amendment is Doubtless Lost.

Thus there are gains for all our losses,
There are smiles for all our tears,
And the bad Republican bosses
Are kicking like bobtailed steers.

The Enquirer has the following editorial:

"The Democracy of Ohio won a significant victory on Tuesday. They carried the State for the sixth time since the organization of the Republican party, more than twenty-five years ago. They gained the Governor and the majority of the Legislature in the anti-Presidential year, when the near approach to the National contest and the hot excitement growing out of State questions and local contentions tended to bringing out electors in force. They overcame an enemy which was under the generalship of the best Republican politician in Ohio, who was thoroughly equipped for the contest, and whose political fortunes were at stake. They survived the factional differences and the differences growing out of a warm fight for the nomination for Governor. They successfully resisted the effort to place on them the opprobium of opposition to what the Republicans claimed to be the great moral reform of the period. They gallantly opposed the long fortification of the Republican party in office in the State and the United States. They went to the front in spite of the embarrassments sought to be heaped on them by a pestiferious ring of barnacles which had been ousted from the control of a Democratic organization. They opposed treachery within and slander without their lines, and achieved a victory which every thoughtful man must look upon as one of the guiding elements in the greater contest of 1884. Ohio is still the October State and she will fire the first gun in the Presidential year. The Democrats now have command of the artillery. The serried ranks of the Republicans have been broken and the party intoxicated with power has been taught that it is not invincible in a State which it has relied on as a Gibraltar in every National contest since its birth. The result of Tuesday's election means that the books are to be overhauled; that we are to have a much needed change in the administration of State affairs; that the people have come to understand hollow Republican pretenses: that there is a tremendous sentiment against fanaticism and oppression of special interests; that there is a popular desire in this State for a change of party control in this country; that there is a healthy and well organized opposition to an aristocratic system in the distribution of public offices; that the civil service should be arranged in the interest of the people rather than in the interest of the officeholding class, with the responsible party in control in every place, major and minor; that Ohio is the fighting ground next year, and that preliminary to that contest the people prefer the best of the two men running for Governor.

GOVERNOR FOSTER'S PHILOSOPHY.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 11.—Gov. Foster takes the Republican defeat very philosophically. He says: "Both parties are disappointed. All of us have been at sea, and the causes that led to such a result cannot be analyzed upon any intelligent basis. Who can say why we should lose fifty votes in one township and gain a like number in the adjoining one? The Democrats are as much at a loss to account for their gains and losses as we are. It is a queer result all around, and is in the nature of a drawn battle.

"It is quite easy to account for our defeat. The temperance people in their zeal to carry the Second Amendment traded the State ticket off for votes for it. There were some other minor causes, but this is the principal one. The defeat does not disturb me for 1884. You must remember that the Democrats will now have to deal with this temperance question. The Scott law is on the statute book as a Republican measure. It is popular. They will be called upon to repeal it, no doubt. If not, there will be trouble.

"The returns this year show that the great bulk of the German Republicans have come back to the fold. If they would stick this year there is no danger for the future. Next year we will be free from this agitation so far as we are concerned, and will have only the National questions to handle. In such a contest I have no fear of Ohio.

"This is a tariff State, and upon that or any other fair issue it is Republican. The loss of it this year will make our State canvass next year an all-important one. This is perhaps unfortunate, because it will make the contest a very warm one. It will force into it the vim of nearly the entire National campaign."

Governor Foster's opinion is echoed by most of the leading Republicans.

MURAT HALSTEAD PLEASED.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 11.—Murat Halstead wired The New York Herald as follows: "Indications continue that Judge Hoadley has been elected Governor by a small majority. Still Foraker does not give it up and Hoadley does not claim his election with confidence, and there is a doubt. But why has the unexpected happened? You can see that all the wool counties have hurt the Republicans. They must have confidence that the Democracy are protectionists on wool. The wine districts on the lake also show up against the Republicans. The prohibitory crusade is the real cause of the Republican trouble. They became exalted with excitement, claimed to have Divine assistance and to be certain of success, and some of them voted their own third ticket, and others there were who traded their State vote for Amendment votes. Foraker would not vote for the Amendment, and said so, and was cut by the extremists, who were wild in a degree hard to understand.

Now you want to know, assuming that Hoadly is elected, what the result will be as to the Presidential election? With a Democratic Legislature to wrestle with the liquor law, added to a Democratic House of Representatives, and Judge Hoadly the foremost candidate for the Presidency, and a man of just those sparkling qualities that are unsafe, the Republicans will have a booming prospect in Ohio in the Presidential year; and when the people are jammed right up to the question whether the Democratic party is to be trusted with the General Government they will say "No" again.

WHAT DEMOCRATS THINK OF IT.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 11.—The Democrats are jubilant over the claims of a great victory put forth by their party leaders. They look upon the result as settling Ohio's position in the Presidential campaign of 1884. Judge Thurman said to me this evening: "It reminds me of the cyclone that swept the Democratic party out of power in 1840. It is a great victory." He could not be induced to say more. He would not state what effect it would have upon the canvass next year.

John G. Thompson, who has been the most thoughtful and accurate Democratic manager in this fight, says: "In the hour of our great victory we can afford to be generous. This success makes Ohio the pivotal State of next year's battle. We have secured a great advantage. By making good use of it, this victory will give the Democrats the Presidency."

SUNSET COX HAPPY.

Sunset Cox is here, and is very happy. He represented this district in Congress for ten years before he went to New York, and is at home here. He said: "The victory this year would not amount to so much if it was not for its influence upon the Presidential canvass of 1884. It gives us the Presidency, and endows Hoadly with a great deal of power to bank on in the future. I don't know that he is a Presidential candidate, but, if he is, this success will help him. It is a great thing to have captured the whole political machinery of a Republican State like Ohio. I expected that Hoadley would have 10,000, and I am not far from right. His election will give great heart to the Democratic canvass, and start us upon the Presidential race upon fully even terms with our opponents."

D. & R.

DINGES & REARICK, CENTRE HALL.

Penns Valley Bargain Store

Our line of Zephyrs and yarns is very full and complete.

An assortment of fine ladies' Jersey waists are selling fast—see them before they are all.

Our line of men's, ladies, misses and children's hose is unsurpassed—a big bargain in misses' all wool, at 25c.

Examine our line of ladie's and gent's underwear.

We have 24 dozen of one kind of gents white, all wool, shirts and drawers that we offer at 60 cents. See them and you will buy.

We only mention these few things from our complete stock.

10oct3m DINGES & REARICK.

V. S. C. L.

Lyon & Co's Store.

LIST OF GOODS AT HALF PRICE!

LYON & CO

3,000 yards Calico, remnants, pieces running from 2 to 8 yards, but a good many pieces of one pattern, no trouble to select enough of one color to finish out a dress, 4c a yard.

136 Men's Fine Wool Hats.....65 to 75 cents, elsewhere $1 25
136 Men's Finest Fur Hats.....1 25, worth 2 00 to 3 00.
Some very Fine Hats among them.
136 pair Men's Dress Shoes.....$1 00, elsewhere $1 75
136 " " Sewed shoes..... 1 00, " 1 75
136 " " Sewed Working Shoes..... 1 00, " 1 75
One lot of Boys' Shoes slightly scuffed, need a little blackning.....85, 90 & 95 cents, cost us 1 25 to 2 00
One small lot Men's Patent Leather Dress Shoes...1 50 worth 2 50
One lot Men's Buckle plow shoes.....1 25

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Ladies' Fine Kid Croquet, Walking shoes..... 75c elsewhere $1 50
" " " " ..... 90c " 1 50
Ladies Plain Shoe..... 1 00 " 1 50
Ladies Cloth Laugtry Walking Shoe..... 90c " 1 50
Ladies Fine Newport Walking Shoes..... 75c " 1 25
Misse's Oxford Ties..... 50c " 1 00
Ladies three strap sandal Walking Shoes..... 90c " 1 00
" four button Walking Shoes..... 90c " 1 25
Lace Morocco Fine " ..... 1 00 " 1 50
Ladies Newport Ties..... 75c " 1 25
Patent Leather Tip..... 90c " 1 65
Child's Yellow Slippers..... 15c " 50
" Button Shoes..... 45c " 85
" Basket " ..... 45c " 90
" Lace Shoe..... 50c " 90
" Button Shoe..... 40 & 45c " 90
" Patent Leather Kid Top Button..... 40c " 65
" " " Spring Heel..... 40c " 65
Ladies side lace, one lot, old price..... 2 00 now 75
Men's fine Patent Leather slippers..... 85c elsewhere 1 25
Ladies Leather slippers..... 50c " 75
Misses' button shoes..... 75 & 85c " 1 25
Ladies " ..... 1 00 & 1 25 " 1 50 & 2 00
" box-toe fine kid foxed..... 1 25 " 2 00
" fine lace shoes..... 90c " 1 50
Misses fine button shoes..... 1 00 " 1 50
Ladies fine lace shoes..... 1 00 " 1 50
Ladies fine button shoes..... 75c " 1 50
Men's plain lace shoes..... 1 00 " 1 75

MEN'S CLOTHING AT ONE HALF PRICE

Men's spring bottom black Pants..... 75c elsewhere 1 50
" Sack Pants..... 75c " 1 50
" light Cassimere all wool pants..... 1 25 " 2 00
" " " ..... 2 00 " 4 00
" black all wool Diagonal..... 2 00 " 4 00
" " " ..... 3 00 " 4 50
" dark extra heavy all wool very fine Pants..... 3 50 " 5 00
" ½ wool pants gray mixed..... 1 00
One lot of wool Pants slightly faded cost us..... $4 to $5 for 1 50 to 2 00

ONE LOT OF SUITS ALL WOOL

One Lot of Dark & Light all Wool Cassimere Suits Marked Down to Cost.

We Are Overstocked.

10 dollar suit down to 7. 11 dollar suit down to 9 50. 16 dollar suit down to 12 50.
8½ dollar suit down to 5½. Another 8½ dollar suit down to 6½.
A few Black Diagonal Suits at 4 dollars that is just half price. A few nearly all wool Black Diagonal 7 dollars, show now 11 dollars. A strictly all wool fine Diagonal Suit 10 dollars elsewhere 15 dollars. Grand Army blue, very fine all wool 10 dollars, elsewhere 15 dollars.

Boys and Children's Clothing One-Half Price.

An all wool blue Sailor Suit..... 1 50 elsewhere 3 00
A very fine blue " " ..... 2 00 " 4 00
A very fine blue " " ..... 3 00 " 6 00
Children's Suits, good quality..... 1 75 " 3 50
Boys' suits, 10 to 17 years..... 2 00 " 4 50
Boys' suits, " " all wool..... 2 00 " 5 00
Boys' suits, " " " ..... 3 00 " 5 50

DRESS GOODS, SHIRTINGS, &c., AT ONE HALF PRICE

Fine Cheviot shirting..... 8c elsewhere 12
Dress Plaids..... 8, 10, 12 elsewhere 12½ to 20
Red flannels at one-half..... 38, 50, 60, 75 " 75, 90, 1 00, 1 25
Another 38 Brocaded Saitens..... 16c elsewhere 20
Another lot Brocaded Sateens..... 12½c elsewhere 20
Double Width Alpacas, a few left yet..... 12½ old price 25

One Lot of Embroideries, about 500 Yards, at One-Half Price.

The upper line of prices show what they are actually worth, lower line our reduced prices:

10	12	14	15	20	30	35	45	55	75
5	7	8	10	12½	20	25	30	35	40

One Lot of Ribbon Sets, Cuffs and Collars 20c, o'd price 75c.

Everybody Knows by this time that our Ribbons are one Half of Other's Prices. Sash Ribbons 6 to 8 in. wide 25 to 40c.

Child's regular made hose..... 6 pair for 25c
One lot of all silk Colored and Black Sash Ribbon..... 25c a yd. actual value 75 & 1 00
Child's and Misses Hose..... 4 pair for 25c, elsewhere 10c

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

June 28 LYON & CO.

WHITMER & CO.,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Pay the highest market prices for all kind of Grain and Seeds.

WILLKESBARRE COAL--

Of all kinds, for sale,--at lowest prices.

CAR LOAD

of GROUND ALUM and DIARY SALT--in Barrels and Bags just received.

We are Manufacturers Agents for FURNITURE--CARPETS, STOVES,--Imperial and Wiard Plows.

TWO COMPLETE STOCKS OF GOODS, always lively and up to the times.

CALL AND SEE US.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR, PIONEER,
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.
A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.
WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

Estray.—A horse with saddle and bridle, came to the premises of the undersigned, several weeks ago. The horse is a bay about 6 years old, right hind foot white. Owner is requested to come for his property and pay cost.
23aug3m JAS. R. WOLF, Reberburg.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,
On L. & T. R. R.
FINE SUMMER RESORT.

Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.

TERMS REASONABLE.
J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor
SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA.
may1

BUSH HOUSE
W. R. Feller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial.
29june tf

IRVIN HOUSE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA
S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

DR. G. W. KLINE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Potters Mills, Pa
All calls, day and night, promptly attended to. Has had several years success in practice. 11jun6m

WM. A. SANDOE,
MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA,
Desires to announce to his customers that he has lately taken instructions under D. W. A. Belford, of Milton, in the latest improvements in cutting, who is one of the best tailors in Penn'a, and is now able to serve customers with better fits than before.
He has also received fashion plates containing the latest styles. Also a fine lot of samples from which you can select for suits. He respectfully asks the public when in need of clothings to give him a trial. mar29y

SMITH'S GERMAN OLIO!

The Great German Remedy
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

For Sale by all Dealers in Medicine, at 50 Cents a Bottle.

Prepared and sold at Wholesale by the
GERMAN OLIO COMPANY,
(LIMITED,)
22 Willow Street, Williamsport, Pa.
PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE AGENCY:
Johnston, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch St.
Smith, Kline & Co., 309 and 311 North 3rd street.

BAUGH'S
$25.00
PHOSPHATE

Has given such Universal Satisfaction to the farmers on ALL CROPS that it has supplanted, to a great extent, the other Higher Priced brands.

$25.00
PER TON OF 2,000 POUNDS
On Cars or Boat in Philadelphia.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR. ADDRESS.
BAUGH & SONS,
Sole Manufacturers
20 SO. DELAWARE AVE.
Philadelphia, Pa.
26sept1m

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14sdr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. mr 2 78

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.
D. J. MEYER, Prop'r.
FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

WANTED—LADIES TO TAKE OUR NEW Fancy work at their homes, in city or country and earn $8 to $12 per week, making goods for our fall and winter trade. Send 15c. for sample and particulars HUDSON MFG CO., 10oct3m 267 Sixth Ave., New York

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

ROYAL

ORGAN

Guaranteed Strictly First Class.

For Beauty of Finish, Pipe like Tone, Superiority of Action, Work and Thoroughness of Construction they stand unrivalled.

ELEGANT CATALOGUES FREE.

ADDRESS: WHITNEY ORGAN CO., Sole Manufacturers Royal Organs, DETROIT, MICH.

THE

Buchanan Wind Mill

UNEXCELLED FOR

BEAUTY, DURABILITY AND LIGHT RUNNING.

New method of attaching the Sails, MAKING IT THE MOST POWERFUL AND DURABLE MILL BUILT.

ALL KINDS OF

TANKS, PIPE, PUMPS, Etc.

Be sure to send for our new Catalogue before buying.

BUCHANAN WIND MILL CO.,

BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES & MALARIA. DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER. ITCH, ALL FEMALE COMPLAINTS. For LOSS OF APPETITE IT HAS NO EQUAL.

R. F. SELLERS & CO. PROPRIETORS PITTSBURGH, PA.

The BUYERS' GUIDE, No. 34, Fall and Winter, 1883, gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. Tells how to order with exact cost, 216 pages—large ones—3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Contains information gleaned from the markets of the world. No other price-book in existence contains as much information. Sent free to any address upon receipt of postage (7 cts). Let us hear from you, or visit us when in our city. Near Exposition Building. Respectfully

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either Sex. No capital. M. Young, 119 Greenwich St., N.Y.

GALLONS OF PHYSIC.

A Man Who Dieted on Medicine Steadily for Two Years.

Buying Five Dozen Bottles of a Specific—The Specific Fails to Work—The Patient Now Demands His Money Back.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 13.—A capias was issued for the arrest of Dr. Charles H. Fitler in a civil suit to recover $300. Two years ago Michael McGrath, a young carpenter, was suffering from some nervous trouble. He did not exactly know what the ailment was, and he looked up and down the advertising columns of a newspaper to find the name of a physician who might be able to tell him. His eye caught a card explaining the merits of "Dr. Fitler's Medical Institute, No. 909 Walnut street, established by Joseph B. Fitler, M. D., a regular graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, who has become celebrated as a physician; cures guaranteed in a specified time under contract or the charges paid refunded." He called at No. 909 Walnut street, and saw Dr. Fitler. The doctor examined him and said: "You have Bright's disease and nervous dyspepsia."

"Yes."

"My medicine will cure you."

"How much of it?"

"Well, five dozen bottles."

"Heavens! I must be in a frightful state. How much is there in five dozen bottles?"

"Only sixty quarts."

"Sixty quarts of medicine! How much will it all cost?"

"Three hundred dollars."

The money was at last paid over. Mr. McGrath received his bottles and a guarantee of cure signed "Joseph B. Fitler, M. D.," and agreeing to refund the money paid if by any possibility the five dozen bottles should fail to cure. The doctor further "constituted and appointed the patient the sole judge of the effects of his medicine, relying upon his honor to decide justly between us, and will accept such decision, whatever it may be, as final without further recourse." That day, May 31, 1881, Mr. McGrath had his medicine sent home in a furniture car, and the bottles were ranged in rows in his cellar. The next morning before breakfast he took his first teaspoonful. He repeated the dose three times a day for two years and two months. On the night of July 31, 1883, the last bottle was drained, but Mr. McGrath was in a worse state of health than ever before. He called on a physician who did not advertise, and was informed that he never had Bright's disease or nervous dyspepsia, but was suffering from a disease not akin to either. Mr. McGrath demanded a return of his $300 from Dr. Fitler, and told him that by reason of having swallowed all the doctor's medicine he had been made unfit for manual labor and had had to give up his work. The doctor declined to give the money back and McGrath consulted a lawyer. He also learned that Dr. Joseph B. Fitler had been dead for twelve years, and that the person whom he had seen was Charles H. Fitler, who is not a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. These statements are sworn to by McGrath in his application for Fitler's arrest. Judge Arnold fixed Fitler's bail at $500.

A BRUTAL FIGHT.

Knocking His Antagonist Out and then Pounding Him.

STAPLETON, S. I., Oct. 8.—A "mill" of no ordinary dimensions was fought this morning on the borders of Silver Lake between Joe Prendergast and Captain James C. Daly. The fight has long been a topic of conversation among sporting men, and a large crowd were present to witness the encounter. The men wore tight gloves without padding and were able to deal very savage blows. Prendergast appeared in better condition and soon sent Daly a stunning right hander in the left side of his opponent's neck which sent him dazed to the ground. He attempted to rise, but before he reached his feet Prendegast dealt his rival a hard blow on the head. There was a storm of shouting protest, but without heeding this Prendegast repeated his offence. There was an appeal to the referee, who bade the men finish out the three minutes' fighting of the first round. This they did and Daly made a better showing, though he received many a sharp blow without making a proper response, nor did he seem able to take care of himself in a merely defensive manner. The second and last round was a repetition of the first, Prendenrast knocking Daly down and then pounding. On this account the referee gave Daly the fight, because of his opponent's repeated fouls. Daly is reported to have been seriously injured.

Murdered by His Wife's Lover.

URBANA, Ohio, Oct. 11.—Eber Perry shot and instantly killed Darius Hicks at Woodstock, this county, yesterday. The parties have had an old grudge between themselves, growing out of the intimacy of Perry with Hicks' wife, which resulted in the separation of the married pair. After a few weeks they again decided to live together. Perry made some indecent remarks about Hicks' wife, and Hicks threatened to kill Perry at the first opportunity and prepared himself to execute the threat. They met last night at a dance near Woodstock, where the quarrel was resumed, when Perry drew a revolver and fired at Hicks, but missed his mark. Hicks in turn threw a hatchet at Perry, who again fired, the shot striking Hicks just above the eye, passing upward through the brain, killing him instantly. Perry then fled, but was captured and brought to this city, where he is held to wait the action of the next Grand Jury.

Honoring a Dead Hero.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 8.—The funeral of Alex. McDonald, the fireman who was killed by the falling of the Skinner truck on Thursday evening, occurred yesterday. It was the largest funeral that has taken place in this city since General Burnside's obsequies. An escort consisting of military and firemen's organizations accompanied the mains to the cemetery. As the procession moved along the streets the people uncovered and remained so until the cortege had passed.

A Desperado Killed.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 10.—At Hazel Green, Wolf county, Ky., last Saturday, Police Judge J. W. Mapel mortally wounded Butler Patrick, a desperado and bully who has figured in many mountain crimes. Maple had just fined two of Patrick's friends for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, when the latter tried to release the prisoners and offered violence to Mapel, who drew a pistol and shot his assailant three times. Maple is a prominent lawyer in this section and is a young man.

The Salvation Army Again.

NEUFCHATEL, Oct. 11.—Misses Booth and Charlesworth, with their companions, members of the Salvation Army, have again been ordered to leave the country, and will be conducted beyond the border at once.

Heavy Failure.

MASCOUTAH, Ill., Oct. 11.—Schlinger & Schubregel, millers, doing business at this place, have assigned to J. H. Pieper, with liabilities amounting to $65,000.

John Wanamaker's Store, Philadelphia.

These are the First Days of the

Fall Business,

already the hum of activity begins. We launch the busy season with

Some Special Things

that prove to be strangely low. A few of these have been in store some days, but, to give everybody a fair chance, we held the announcements until the return of people from their holidays.

A good lot of first-rate Jerseys at $2.25. These are all black. The colors are $2.50.

A Black Dress Silk at 75 cents, that until recently was always $1.00.

A fine Black Rhadama, 22 inches wide, at $1.50.

Half-wool Black Dress Goods at 12½ cents, which is just half-price.

All-wool stylish Plaid Suiting, 42 inches, at 50 cents. We sold the same at $1.00.

Another in stripes at 65 cents. Not dear at $1.00.

A quality of Lupin's Cashmere for 50 cents (all wool). The new tariff will prevent this quality from ever again selling at this price.

A Black Albatross at 25 cents, exactly half-price.

A fine Black Camel's Hair, 46 inches wide, at 60 cents.

A good 36-inch all-wool Cashmere at 40 cents.

An excellent Black Cashmere, all-wool, a yard wide, at 45c.

A very few much admired Embroidered Robes at one-third off of usual price.

A Bleached Muslin, full yard wide, for 10c. The best we ever had at that price.

The best Twilled, All-Wool Red Flannel we ever sold for 25c.

The best Canton Flannel for 12½c. We never could get so good a quality at the price before.

An extraordinary lot of Towels at 25c.

Eight lots of Ladies' and Children's Hose that are on our counters at 25 per cent. under prices.

These lots of Shoes that are amazingly desirable for the prices:

250 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, $4.35.

172 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, $3.25.

245 pairs Women's Curacoa Kid Button, $4.25.

186 pairs Women's French Kid Button, $5.00.

152 pairs Women's Kid Slippers, $1.25.

112 pairs Women's Kid Ties, $2.00.

110 pairs Women's French Kid Oxford Ties, $3.25.

141 pairs Women's Front Lace Walking Boots, $3.25.

131 pairs Women's Front Lace Walking Boots, $4.50.

150 pairs Women's French Kid Button Boots, $5.25.

China and Glassware we hardly dare to risk saying anything about, as the lots announced are nearly always sold out in a few hours of the day they are presented. Watch the city daily papers for the announcements, and if these lots are sold when you come do not be disappointed, as we have new lots in every day or two.

In Furniture. Young couples should see

The new Ash Suite of Bed Room Furniture for $25.
The same goods in Cherry for $28.

Our Works at present turn us out only four suites per day of these goods, so that first come, first served. Nothing like this has ever been done in Philadelphia before.

A fine frame Body Brussels Carpet at $1.25 that we are willing to endorse as a good thing.

We are not permitted to give the makers' names. The goods are new this season, and fifty patterns at least to choose from.

The first Fall Offering of Ladies Robes are all-wool, of ample material, in nine varieties, dark, rich hues, and the new patterns are on the palm-leaf order. The effect is much the same, if not full equivalent, as though an expensive Cashmere Shawl were dissected and made into a robe, as is often done. The expense being infinitely less——$25.

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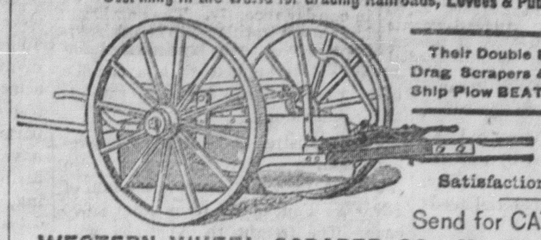

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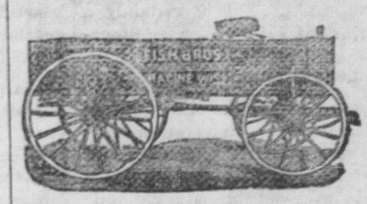

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Agricultural.

What Lands Need Drainage.

All lands that contain more water than is needed by the crops growing upon them. If you intend to raise corn or wheat the land will need more draining than if intended for grass. Even grass lands need not be very wet, as, if too wet, the growth of aquatic plants and grasses takes the place of the cultivated grasses and ruins the hay and pastures.

Loose, porous soils, underlaid by sand or gravel, are drained by nature; but all lan that is underlaid by clay, rock or other impervious material needs draining.

What is to be gained by underdrainage? The surface of the water in the soil is lowered. The roots of cereals and grasses may penetrate as far as to the surface of the water, but never into it. It is necessary to draw the water off to such a depth as will give the roots of growing crops plenty of room to reach downward for that nourishment that is necessary to their growth. If the water is only one foot from the amount of soil from which to gather nourishment, with the disadvantage of having their feet wet by capillary attraction. Only aquatic plants grow well with their feet in the water.

The lowering the water below the surface prevents a large amount of evaporation, and its effect in cooling the soil. The water being removed, air and warmth are admitted to the soil.

Drained lands are for this reason ready for planting a least one week earlier in the spring. The growth of crops is quickened through the summer by the increased temperature of the soil, which amount to several degrees, and the injurious effects of early frosts are prevented in the same manner. Crops are therefore given an increased period in which to make their growth of at least two weeks. This is certainly a very important gain.—*Farmers' Magazine.*

Leached Wood Ashes.

Ashes fresh from the stove or furnace, contain all the mineral constituents necessary for plant growth, and are, therefore, very valuable as a fertilizer to a worn-out or naturally poor soil. A large part of the potash is recovered from ashes in leaching, and as this constituant is a leading one, leached ashes are of less value as a plant than when fresh. The owner should save, in a secure place; all the ashes made, and apply them to the land in the spring. A top-dressing of twenty bushels per acre to an old pasture or meadow will give good returns for several years. The leached ashes should be disposed of in the same manner, only they may be applied at the rate of 100 bushels per acre.

Leached ashes have been bought and used for many years by farmers and gardeners on Long Island and near the shore towns in Connecticut. These ashes are brought mainly from Canada. Ashes are especially good for tobacco land, and onion raisers find them profitable. It has been observed that where this fertilizer has been introduced, it retains its hold upon the confidence of those who use it. Fruit growers are glad to get leached ashes for their small fruit gardens, and even orchards of large trees are much benefited by them.

Save all the ashes, leached or unleached, and if there is a good opportunity, buy and apply them.—*American Agriculturist.*

Corn for Sitting Hens.

It is claimed that corn is the most suitable food for sitters. The requirements of a sitter differ from those of other hens. Keeping quiet and without much exercise, not much is required to sustain life, and their food should be of such a nature as to digest slowly. For this reason whole grain is preferred and corn is thought to be much the best. Soft food of any kind is soon digested, the hen becomes hungry, and either leaves the nest too frequently or becomes very poor. The advantage of corn over other grain is that it is more oily and not so likely to stimulate the production of eggs, and, being hard and compact, is digested much slower than other grain.

Farm Notes.

—The water that flows over a plowed field washes off the most soluable portions of the soil, and deposits them in the bottom of the ditches. When it percolates through the soil to an underdrain the loss is reduced to the smallest possible amount. There is some loss in under-draining water; but even this is in great part prevented by having a growing crop on the ground all the time.

—Experiments have proved that musty meal is not wholesome food for any of the domestic animals. Disease and death have been directly traced to its use. When fed to poultry, chicken cholera or some disease resembling it was the result. Cows to which it was fed gave bitter milk, and ceased to thrive as well as those in the same pasture which had no grain. Swine fed upon it failed to grow or fatten. Only horses were not injured by it, and they escaped because they would not eat it.

—The London *Live Stock Journal* states that diphtheria among fowls made considerable ravages in France this year, and that the most valuable remedy found for its cure is papapine (the active principle of the papaw tree), which dissolves away the false membrane. It is applied with a camel's hair brush to the diptheric patches three times a day.

—An Australian sheep-breeder recently purchased 173 merino sheep in Vermont, for which he paid the sum of $36,000. Four of the rams costs $2000 each. The freight to Australia will amount to nearly $6000 more, which increases the sum to $36,000, or about an average of $200 per sheep. The breeder already has a flock of 92,000 and the Vermont sheep will be used for purposes of improvement.

—Clay soils are generally better for wheat than sandy ones, because they are not subject to such sudden extremes of temperature and moisture, and are more tenacious in their character. Timber land is better than prairie land, because the decaying roots are pretty sure to effect underdrainage; magnesia and lime and silica are more abundant and more abundant and nitrogen is less abundant, and such land being more rolling is better drained and dryer.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The fatter a breeding sow is kept the more liable she is to destroy her pigs by lying on them or eating them up. Sows left to run wild will make good mothers, and will generally select a warm, dry place to farrow. It is for this reason that there is so much advantage in using full-blooded boars of improved breeds on large, coarse-boned native sows. The progeny secures the good qualities from its sire with a better constitution and more hardiness than it could get from a full-blooded pedigree, going back through generations which have always had ample feed and little exercise.

—A gigantic undertaking in the way of fruit growing has been commenced by Lord Sudeley, at Toddington, near Cheltenham, England. Two years ago there were planted 93,000 gooseberry bushes, 20,053 plum trees, 167,000 black currant bushes, 2919 apple tree, 852 pear trees, 8845 damson trees, 532 cherry trees, 10,000 red currant bushes, 25,000 raspberry bushes, 100 cob nut trees and 52 acres of strawberry plants. In addition, 100 Scotch firs and 10,000 poplars have been planted for sheltering purposes. Lord Sudeley is at present erecting a large jam manufactory in the centre of this estate.

—A local paper reports that a farmer in Henry county, Ga., was cutting wheat not long ago, and uncovered a partridge nest with fifteen eggs in it. The mother bird flew off, which left the eggs exposed to the scorching rays of the sun. Returning that way two or three hours later, the farmer was astonished to find that every egg had hatched out and the restless occupants gone. This will be the first intimation to the world that Eli Perkins is spending his vacation in Georgia.

—When cattle chew leather, wood and old bones, remember that it indicates a lack of phosphate of lime in their food, which is required to supply bone material. A teaspoonful of bone meal given daily with their grain will correct the habit and supply the deficiency which induces it. If the disposition to eat bones is indulged in when cows are in grass, the deficiency then evidently exists in the soil, and the pasture will be greatly benefited by a top dressing of bone-dust. Two or three hundred pounds to the acre, sown broadcast, will repay attending expenses in a better yield and in quality of milk and butter.

The Spread of Leprosy.

The attention of prominent physicians is being given to the increase of that terrible scourge, the leprosy. It appears from figures given that this loathsome disease has increased in this country nearly seventy-five per cent. within the last eight years, and is still spreading, while no definite steps have been taken to stop or check it. This disease is the one which the Hebrews considered above all as a terrible plague. All who were afflicted with it were ostracised and banished from the cities o the wilderness. Even houses where he people affected had lived where urned.

The disease has been spread in this country mostly by the Chinese. Though it was known and dreaded in California as far back as 1845, in Mexico it was occasionally met in some out-of-the-way place where the unfortunate sufferer had gone to die. A case was also occasionally encountered by the Southern physicians in their practice, and the utmost care was taken to prevent the spread of the disease. The vast number of Chinese who have been flocking to this country for the last eight or ten years, have had many lepers among them, and they have mingled freely among their fellows, spreading the disease, which can be disseminated by personal contact or by using anything which the person affected has used or handled. The disease has shown itself to an alarming extent among those who smoke the cigarettes manufactured by Chinese; the disease attacks the lips and tongue, and in a short time shows itself in different parts of the body. This ought to have some effect in stopping the pernicious habit of cigarette smoking, which is assisting to spread the disease.

Fashions for Both Sexes.

—Evening dresses are made with an amplitude almost recalling the days of crinoline. Happily, the fullness established by French decree is confined wholly to the back, the front and sides falling straight enough. Some of the newest white skirts to be worn next the dress have a single embroidered flounce going all the way around the foot of the skirt, but in the back they are flounced nearly to the waist, each ruffle being starched very stiff when laundried.

—Amber is a very fashionable color, and one of the most beautiful importations from Worth is an amber satin reception costume. The court train opens over a petticoat of ruby velvet covered with very deep amber lace flounces. The bodice is pointed and sleeveless, and is trimmed with a magnificent embroidery of gold, ruby and amber beads, which glisten like gems in the gaslight, this embroidery heading a fall of amber lace. The effect of this dress is beautiful beyond description.

—Dancing-dresses, of which softly hanging merveilleux silk forms a competent part, are sometimes arranged with a graceful drapery of the silk crossing the bodice diagonally from shoulder to waist, and then forming a panier, while at the other side a lighter material, like tulle or gauze broche, is draped panier-wise over the surah. Often a garland of field flowers borders the edge of the tulle panier. It is not easy to describe this new and pretty style, which is remarkably effective.

—Brocade embroidery is very effective, and is made by outlining the various flowers or geometrical designs woven into brocaded materials. The patterns are first outlined in stem-stitch, or a double piece of wool or silk is couched along the chief edges of the design. Sometimes a better effect is produced by covering the whole of the brocaded design and leaving only the foundation material visible. When so treated, long or satin-stitch is used, as in satin-stitch embroidery, and when well executed in judicious colors the effect is extremely good.

Men's Wear.

In apparel for gentlemen a more staid and conservative feeling is springing up, and, though no radical change will be made, trousers will not be so tight, coats not so long or so pointed in the tails, and patterns for waistcoats and trousers not so pronounced. The regular English fashion of wearing coat and waiscoat of one kind of goods and trousers of another will prevail to a large extent. It is a sensible fashion too, for a coat and waistcoat will outlast two or three pairs of trousers. Frock coats, generally known as Prince Alberts, will be extensively worn and divide the honors with four-button cutaways, sack coats having gone entirely out of fashion, except for country, seaside and clearly informal occasions.

As to the materials to be worn, importations have not yet reached us. Judging by the samples, however, dark small checks and overchecks, varying shades of cork-screws, and fine, dark tweeds, with small, scarcely discernible spots of white or red, will be mostly sought after. Looking farther ahead to the winter, friezes will be the most fashionable material for overcoats, which will be cut as frock coats or double-breasted sacks.

It is a fact worthy of notice that the only article of men's dress in the fashioning of which the wearer's taste plays no part is the hat. The styles of hats are due altegether to the taste and fancy of the manufacturer, so that twenty-four hours before the new style displayed in the hatter's window no one but the "finisher" knows what shape it will assume. According to Mr. Dunlap, therefore, it is impossible now to give an idea of what expanse of curling brim or curve of the bell-crown will adorne the heads of our gilded youth when they drive their dog-carts in the Park in a few weeks. Shoes will follow the fashion of the cloth clothes and be less pointed than heretofore. They will be made as plain and simple as possible, with patent-leather vamps and kid or black silk uppers, laced in front. Collars will still be high "all-rounders," and the neckties will be quiet silk checks tied in a sailor's knot, with no pin o any sort or description.

A Curious Manuscript.

Among the manuscripts left by the Major was the following: One day while roaming with my gun I chanced to go farther than was wont, but when I turned to retrace my steps I discovered that I was completely bewildered as to the proper course. I had been dreaming along as I walked, for the leaves, coloring under the touch of the season's first frost, the bleaching grass, the haze overhead and the softly-sighing air—all had combined to make me forget myself. I walked rapidly in what I thought to be a home direction, but after an hour had passed I found that I was more confused than at first. Arkansaw was a wild country in those days—so wild that you could sometimes travel for days without seeing a human habitation. I began to get excited. Any one who is familiar with life in the woods knows that there is no feeling like becoming excited in a forest. It is inexplicable—like the shaking that sometimes seizes a hunter, especially if he be a new one, when a deer approaches. When a man in the woods is convinced that he is lost he feels an almost irresistible impulse to run wild. Children have been lost in the woods, and in half a day's time they are, in some instances, so wild than when found they will bite and scratch and scream, even if their mothers approach them. I felt this excitement coming on me, and I knew that if I did not do something to counteract its influence I would go wild. Then I reflected how often I had been temporarily lost, and how at any other time I would have laughed at the idea of running wild. I thought that I would fire off my gun, that it might afford some relief. I looked around, and my hair stood on end. My gun was gone. "I had it a moment ago," I thoughtfully mused; "what could I have done with it?" and I threw back my head and howled. "I must not encourage such outbreaks," I said to myself, "for a man will go wild even in a city if he howls very much;" and I remembered that when I was a boy several of my companions went wild while shouting in admiration of a circus procession, and that the show men caught them and put them in cages, where they remained, even defying the recognition of their parents. One of the boys was named Luke Horn, and when his father came along and looked at Luke the boy held out his paw—he had paws at that time—and the old gentleman jumped back and exclaimed: "Why, that devilish monkey wants to take hold of me."

I laughed at this recollection and I got down and knawed at the root of a tree. Then I arose and howled. I couldn't stand on my hind feet very long—yes, hanged if I didn't have four feet and a tail by this time. The truth is, I had gradually become a wolf. I feel that any one who chooses to read this manuscript will smile incredulously at this, and produce all kinds of arguments to prove the impossibility of a man retrograding into a wolf; and probably the same man, too, may be a believer in the theory of evolution. I shall not argue this point though, for in regard to my own experience I am certain, while any one who opposes me could only protest without proof, and hence his arguments would be mere assertions unsustained by a single fact.

I had not been a fully developed wolf but a few moments until several other wolves came from the valley below and began to sniff around me. When satisfied that I was genuine they sat down, whereupon we all began to discuss the advisability of getting something to eat. It was soon decided that we should go down into the valley, where there was a farm well stocked with sheep. The mention of sheep made my mouth water, for, being a wolf, I was as hungry as myself. We started on our expedition and soon reached the farm. Just as we jumped over the fence to seize the sheep a man sprang from behind a stump and fired upon us. A buckshot wounded one of my hind legs, and, after vainly attempting to leap over the fence, I fell among a lot of bushes, where I lay perfectly still, hoping to escape observation. In this I was disappointed, for the old farmer ran to me, thrust his gun between the bushes and aimed at my head. I whined piteously and shut my eyes, expecting to be blown into atoms, but the farmer did not shoot.

"I wonder what sort of a dog a wolf would make," said the farmer, turning to his son. "This fellow whines so that I don't want to finish him. He must have been led into this thing. Let me see if he wants to bite," and he put his hand on my head. I did not bite him, but licked his hand. He was so well pleased at this that he took me up and carried me to the house. My wound was soon dressed, and after they had given me something to eat I felt pretty comfortable. Still I was a wolf and, although they were so kind to me, yet I meditated revenge. I wanted to do some deviltry and then go back to my companions. One day, after I had thoroughly recovered, the old man set me to watching the sheep in a small pasture He seemed to have confidence in me, for he did not even look back after he crossed the fence. How I wished for my companions, I howled. The sheep become frightened and huddled together. I howled again, and an answer came from the woods. Another howl and my companions jumped the fence. I selected a young lamb that had ever looked sweet and tender to me, and I made a spring for him, when bang went a gun and I fell over, shot through both fore legs. I looked up and saw the farmer coming I whined but he frowned and leveled his gun at my head. . . . . .

I lay in bed at Home. Numerous friends stood around me, and when I told them not to shoot again, they assured me that I was out of danger.

"You have been in a very dangerous condition," said one of my friends-"Several days ago you went out hunting, and as you did not return at your accustomed time several of us went out to look for you, and you may imagine our horror when we saw your body in a pool. We drew you out and were rejoiced to discover that life was not extinct. You had evidently been walking very rapidly and had stepped into the pool before discovering it. Your face wore an expression of alarm, and we could not see that you had made an effort to get out, and I really do not believe that you had."

When I recovered I ask my friend to show me the pool which he did, leaving me as I requested. I did not remember to have ever seen the pool, but I recognized a tree close by. Something had been gnawing the root of the tree, and I could plainly see the print of a wolf's teeth. From this tree I went down into a valley, along no trail but by a way strangely familar, I soon reached a fence, and looking over I saw a flock of sheep feeding. I went to the farm house not far away where I found a farmer who did not know me but whose face to me was familiar. I talked to him about sheep raising and finally I adroitly turned the conversation upon wolves.

"I had a very strange experience with a wolf," he said. "About two weeks ago I heard wolves howling in the day-time, which is rare. I did not know but that they intended a raid on my sheep, and taking my gun I went out to the sheep pasture and hid behind a stump. I had not been there long when the wolves jumped over the fence. I fired and one of them fell over in the bushes. I loaded my gun, ran to him and was on the eve of shooting when he whined and gave me a look so nearly human that I could not shoot. I put my hand on his head, and he looked at me—by George, sir, no offence intended, but he had an eye very nearly like yours."

"No apology necessary," I replied; "please go on with your story."

"He was wounded in the hind leg, and after it was dressed it healed with wonderful rapidity. Sometimes the animal's eyes would have a human expression, then again it would glare like any other wolf's eye; but, upon the whole, he seemed so intelligent and appeared to be so anxious to do something to repay me that one day I took him down to the pasture and told him to watch the sheep. Well, sir, I hadn't more than reached the house when I heard him howl. I seized my gun, stole around and watched. He kept on howling, and pretty soon I saw several wolves jump over the fence. Just then my wolf made a dash after a lamb and I shot him. He was only wounded, and I ran to him and blew his head off."

"When did this occur?"

"Last Thursday."

"What time?"

"About two 2 o'clock."

I turned and walked away. It was the very time when I regained consciousness and found my friends standing around me.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

MAN'S GRANDEST TREASURE.—The grandest treasure it is possible for man to possess on earth is a good wife. The poorest investment he can ever make is a worthlsss one. Personal adornment may please the eye of the vulgar, but it will not hide a false heart. Sin may cloak itself for a brief season in the garment of hypocrisy, but sooner or later it shall come to judgment. Pure affection is a priceless jewel, the embroidment of earthly bliss. In the true union of husband and wife money should not enter into the consideration. The happiest homes the world ever knew have been bought and paid for by mutual earnings after marriage. The good and true wife adorns her home and makes it a little heaven. It is the abode of a royal family, and a king and queen dwell within. There are no false gods in such house.

—Galvanized iron is made by cleaning the sheets with acid and passing them through a bath of molten zinc.

Our Young Folks.

Going to School.

Tis nearly nine, and Tom and Bess,
Are on their way to school;
They walk along at pace so slow
As if they stepped by rule.

"'Tis not so nice," said Tom to Bess,
"To go to school all day
As 'tis to stay at home and read,
Or run about and play."

"Why, no, of course 'tis not so nice,"
Said Bessie, with a sigh;
"But we must do our duty, Tom,
And never question why."

"Dear me! how very grand you talk;
Perhaps you *think* like me;
But boys can be as brave as girls,
As you, dear Bess, will see.

"And side by side we'll go to school,
And both together try
To do our duty every day,
Without a question why."

Some Hints for Boys.

Avoid that which you see amiss in others. Follow the example of only the good. Keep your ears open to all that is worth hearing, closed to all that is not. An older person's experience is of no value to you unless you profit by it. You are not building on the future, but on the past and present. Evil communication corrupts good manners. Nobody wants to deal with a doubleminded boy. Be industrious, the world wants boys who are not afraid of hard steady work. "The empty vessels make the most sound." Some boys inherit good fortunes, but no boy ever inherited scholarship, a good character or a useful life. If you would be capable, cultivate your mind; if you would be loved, your heart. Never excuse a wrong action by saying some one else does the same thing; this is no excuse at all.

A Wise Choice.

A good minister, while sitting at the dinner table with his family, had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years: "Father, I have been thinking, if I could have a single wish of mine, what I would choose." "To give you a better chance," said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes; what would they be? Be careful, Charley!" He made his choice thoughtfully, first, of a good conscience; second, of good health; and third, of a good education. His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches and various other things are held in general esteem among mankind. "I have thought of all that," said he; "but if I have a good conscience, and good health, and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that will be of any use to me, and everything else will come along in its right place." A wise decision, indeed, for a lad of that age. Let our young readers think of it, and profit by it.

A Very Useful Bird.

"What did Captain Walker mean when he told papa he always kept a secretary when he was in south Africa? Did he mean he had so much writing to do?"

"No," said auntie, laughing softly; "he meant a bird called the secretary."

"A bird! What was the good of that? He said he could not do without it."

"The secretary-bird is a most useful creature. He is a real blessing to all who live in south Africa; for he destroys a vast quantity of insects and reptiles, which are a great annoyance."

"Why is he called 'the secretary?' It is such a funny name for a bird."

"So it is. I believe he is so called from a long tuft of feathers which hang from the back of his head, and which is supposed by some people to resemble a writer with his pen stuck behind his ear. He is also called the serpent-eater; but the first is his most usual name."

"Is he a very large bird?"

"He is about the size of an eagle, but he has very long, strong legs. The secretary, like other large birds of prey, builds his nest on the tops of the highest trees. He always kills his prey before eating it; and the way he does so is curious. He invariably crushes it with the sole of his foot; and with such skill does he give the blow that he seldom has to strike twice. If the snake is large and makes a strong resistance, the secretary seizes it by the back of the neck and flies up with it to a great height, then drops it to the ground. The snake is stunned by the fall, and the secretary gives it a heavy blow with his foot before it is recovered, which kills it. Is it not a clever way?"

"Yes," said Allen quite interested. "Are they very fierce?"

"No, not at all; and they are easily tamed. They are worth making friends of; for they are so useful to man."

"Well, auntie, if I go to Africa when I am a man, I shall try and get a secretary to live with me, like Captain Walker did. I should be frightened at the snakes, and should like some one to kill them for me."

"Yes I have no doubt you would; and you should thank God, too, that he has provided such useful birds."

—First boy: "Say, do you know why those factery chimneys are so high?" Second boy: "Yes, to keep out the water in case of a flood."

THEY ARE FALLING.

BY A ASHMUN KELLY.

They are falling round us, as sternly day by day
Death the tyrant calls some loved ones away.
The aged and the young, the loved and the best,
All silently together are entering into rest.
To-day they are with us, to-morrow they are gone,
Leaving us to travel our il grimage alone;
We scarcely brush away the lately fallen tear,
Ere we are called to mourn beside another bier.

They are falling round us, like summer's latest bloom,
That sheds abroad with lavish hand its delicate perfume,
When sudden hoar-frosts come, with sure and deadly power,
And turn all black and lifeless each tender shrub and flower.
Or like in sober Autumn as falls the ripened corn
Before the reaper's blade, that proudly in the morn,
Lifted high to sunny heaven its tassel-plumed head,
And ere the dewy evening all low enough is laid.

They are falling round us, as the Autumn leaves that fall
When the herald winds of winter like spirit voices call.
Like the grass before the sickel, or bloom upon the heath,
They fall and are gathered in the harvest field of death.
Eyes that beam so brightly grow lustreless and dim,
The song of health and gladness ends in the funeral hym
And we are only waiting for the summons too to come,
That shall bid us follow our loved ones to the tomb.

They are falling round us—O, while the dear ones still are here,
May we never careless cause them the shedding of a tear;
But ever fondly cherish the affection they bestow,
For the hour they may leave us how little do we know.
In that hour we'd mourn the word that gave them pain,
When all our tears of grief would fall alas—in vain,
When the look of anguish which our cruel words them gave
Would surely rise to haunt us, like spectres from their grave.

From the HOME NEWS.

Lured to His Doom.

BY AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE.

It was a very singular, mysterious and complicated case.

In a bare room of an old house in the vicinity of London Bridge Railway Station a man was found dead, hanging by a small cord to a hook driven into the wall, his feet resting on the floor.

He was discovered some days after his death, and by reason of the strong smell sent forth from his decomposing body.

He was a stranger whom no one knew, and why he should have come to that place to commit suicide was a mystery.

He was well dressed, had a gold watch in his pocket, to which was attached a heavy gold chain; he had a diamond stud in his shirt front, and a cluster ring of diamonds on one finger; he had also a pocket-book on his person containing over two hundred pounds in bank notes.

It was therefore evident that he had not committed suicide on account of poverty, nor been murdered for his money.

Was it suicide or was it murder?

There was no scrap of paper on his person to tell who the stranger was, nor his motive for the murderous deed, if he did it.

The room, which was an upper story of an old building, the lower portion of which was occupied by a commision agent, contained no article of furniture.

It had been rented about ten days previous to a rather venerable-looking man, who walked a little lame and wore goggles, who said he wanted it for an office for the sale of a patent that would soon become very popular with sea-going people.

When questioned about the patent he said he would not then explain it, but would have some things on hand for exhibition in the course of ten days or two weeks.

The dead man was not the one who had taken the room, however; and how and when he had got access to the apartment no one knew.

There was an old-fashioned fire-place in the room, and some paper ashes in this attracted the attention of a detective, who happened to be no other than my humble self.

In turning over these ashes, I discovered two or three little bits of paper not entirely consumed, and they had these words written on them, though now barely distinguishable:

found her and locked
private room
meet you station G.

Now, after reading these disjointed sentences, I began to study and ponder them.

Might this not be a portion of a message sent to the dead man, to lure him to the city for the purpose of putting him out of the way?

But for what motive?

Ah, that indeed I could not know; that was something only to be found out after a serious investigation, in case one should be made.

I examined the charred paper as well as I could, and reached the conclusion that what I had read was part of a telegram which had been sent by somebody at a distance, and that either the sender or receiver intended to destroy it.

Now, if the deceased had received it, it must have been sent by somebody, and that somebody intended to meet him, and probably did meet him at the railroad station.

Well, then, where was that somebody and why had he allowed his correspondent to visit that out-of-the-way room alone and commit suicide without ever going near him afterward?

And why should the man come to such a place to kill himself?

And could he have found the room without a guide, and got acecss to it unknown to any one, if he were not the man who had rented it in the first place?

But then it was certain that he was not that man, unless he was in disguise when he hired it; and why had he gone to all that trouble merely to hang himself, when he could have done it quite effectually in ten thousand better places?

No; look on it—reason as I might—I could not bring myself to believe that the stranger hanging in that bare room had put the rope around his own bare neck.

I told the Ccroner of my belief; but whether he coincided with me or not it is certain his jury did not, for they brought in a verdict of suicide.

The body was placed in the mortuary for recognition, and I requested that it should be kept there as long as possible for I had a desire to see what I could do is working up the case.

I started out with the bits of paper I had secured to see if I could find at any telegraph office any message recently sent off embodying the words I had transcribed in their consecutive order.

I was soon fortunate in getting possession of what I believed to be the original message.

It was addressed to Horace Granger, 187 —— street, Manchester, and read as follows—the words found among the paper ashes I inclose in brackets:

I have [found her and locked] her up in a [private room]. Come on and use a parent's authority. Take the last day train and I will [meet you] at London bridge [station[. G.

Judging from this it was a case of a run-a-way daughter whom "G." had followed and captured in London, and whom the anxious father had come to see and probably taken back with him.

As the dead man appeared to be not far from five-and-thirty years of age, it was natural to suppose that no daughter of his could be beyond her teens.

A school girl perhaps, who had played truant and run away.

But then, if she had been caught and locked up, it was not reasonable to suppose it had been in that bare room, in a mercantile building that contained no other lodgers.

And then again, if the father had come on and found her, what had become of her, and of "G." who had sent the message? and why had the father remained behind to hang himself?

Or had the girl assisted by "G.," murdered her father?

In any event, the affair was one of great mystery, and on privately reporting my discoveries to my chief, I received the welcome order to work it out to the end.

To do this properly I immediately went to Manchester.

The addresss took me to a large elegant mansion in the suburbs, which led me to believe the owner was a person of means.

I did not ring, enter, and state my business, but visited the nearest apothecary, as the man most likely to know the general facts about his neighbors.

"Would you be kind enough to answer a stranger in the city a few questions?" I said to the dispenser of medicines.

"Proceed," he replied looking curiously at me.

"Do you know a gentleman by the name of Horace Granger?"

"I do."

"What is his business?"

"He is a broker."

"Is he reputed wealthy?"

"He is."

"Has he a family?"

"A wife and daughter."

"About what age would you judge him to be?"

"About 35."

"Is Mr. Granger now at home?"

"I cannot say. I have not seen him for more than a week."

"Is his daughter at home?"

"I think not. I think she is away at a boarding-school."

"Pardon me, sir if I seem too inquisitive," said I; but I have a reason beyond mere curiosity for all the questions I ask, and some time, if not just as this moment, you shall know all. Could you tell me if he is on good terms with his wife?"

"Ha!" he said with a start. "Is this some scandal for a law court to which I may be called as a witness?"

"No, sir. On my honor, no use of your name shall be made in connection with any information you may give me."

"Well, then," he answered, with a peculiar smile, "it is rumored—mind you, I only say that it is rumored—that he is jealous of a certain gentleman of whom he has no reason to be, and that he has all confidence in one who may yet turn out to be a treacherous villian."

This was becoming very interesting to me.

"May I venture to ask the name of this second party?"

"Well, sir, as you are a stranger to me," replied the druggist, "I will not mention any names, but if you should ever happen to have business with the head clerk of Horace Granger it is my opinion you will be within a hundred miles of the party."

"Thank you," I said, feeling now pretty sure of my course.

After some further questions I left the apothecary and repaired to the office of Horace Granger, the street and number of which I had ascertained.

I found a tall, dark, muscular, sinister-looking clerk, about 30 years of age, standing at a desk behind a counter.

"Is Mr. Granger in?" I asked.

"No," was the curt reply.

"Will he be in soon?

"Don't know."

"Has he been in to-day?"

"Can't say."

"Was he in yesterday?"

"Can't say."

"Will he EVER be in again?"

The man started and looked at me for the first time in a quick, searching way.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Has he come back with his daughter?" I questioned, in turn.

He again started, came forward and sharply scrutinized my person; but, as I fancied with a guilty conscience.

"Who are you? What do you want here? And why these impertinent questions?" he demanded in a fierce way.

"Don't you know that Horace Granger is dead?" said I, fixing a look upon the fellow that made him quail.

"Dead!" he echoed, in well-assumed amazement and horror. "Good heavens! How? When? Where?

"How?—by hanging; when?—six days ago; where?—London," I answered, categorically.

"You take away my breath," he almost gasped.

"What is your name?" I queried.

"George Grenham."

"Ah, yes—the 'G.'" I thought.

"Yow knew Mr. Granger went to London nearly a week ago to find his daughter?" I proceeded.

I saw the man turn pale and shudder as he answered in a mumbling, confused way:

"I believe — he — did — go somewhere."

"But his daughter was not in London, you know."

I said this at a venture, for I fancied I had divined the plot.

"Why, how did you know that? That is—I mean——"

"Never mind," I interrupted. "His daughter was not there, but you were."

"Man!" and his eyes fairly glared.

"You have been there before in the disguise of an old man," I went on; you had engaged a room in a commercial house to exhibit a patent; you went on again and telegraphed to your employer that his daughter was found and locked up, and to come on on the last train and you would meet him at London Bridge Station. You did meet him; it was in the night; you took him to the room you had previously engaged; you fell upon him; you garroted him; you hung him up to the wall; you burned the telegram, and then you hastened back here to play the role of innocence."

I went through with my accusations rapidly, giving the villain no time for consideration or even interruption—I piled one fact upon another so quickly and surely that I seemed to the guilty wretch to be an eye-witness, relating what I had seen; and I brought the whole damning scene so vividly to his mind's eye that, with a face distorted with horror and covered with the sweat of mental agony, he staggered back, sank down and half groaned and half shrieked out:

"Good heavens have mercy!"

Well, I had my clew; but before I could make much use of it the murderous scoundrel blew out his own brains.

It turned out in settling up the estate of the murdered broker, that his murderer had been his confidental man of success and trusted friend; that the latter has systematically robbed his employer of many thousands of pounds; that he had been too intimate with the wife, while poisoning the husband's mind against a true friend; and that, not satisfied with all this, he had concocted the hellish plot of murder, which I have thus revealed.

Of course, the affair made quite a sensation in certain circles at the time but was kept as much as possible from the public at large, and was soon hushed up and forgotten by everybody not in any manner interested beyond the mere curiosity and scandal of the hour.

What part the wife had in the wicked plot I do not know.

I, of course, won the distinguished approval of my chief for the part I had taken in the dark affair, and that proved of much importance to me in the future of my profession.

The Chickadee.

He is, par excellence, the bird of the merry heart. There is a notion current, to be sure, that all birds are merry; but that is one of those second-hand opinions which a man who begins to observe for himself soon finds it necessary to give up. With many birds life is a hard struggle. Enemies are numerous, and the food supply is often too scanty. Of some species it is probable that very few die in their beds. But the chickadee seems to be exempt from all forebodings. His coat is thick, his heart is brave, and, whatever may happen, something will be found to eat. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" is his creed, which he accepts, not "for substance of doctrine," but literally. No matter how bitter the wind or how deep the snow, you will never find the chickadee, as we say, under the weather. It is this perennial good humor, I suppose, which makes other birds so fond of his companionship; and their example might well be heeded by persons who suffer from moods of depression. Such unfortunates could hardly do better than to court the society of the joyous tit. His whistle and chirps, his graceful feats of climbing and hanging, and withal his engaging familiarity (for, of course, such good nature as his could not consist with suspiciousness) would most likely send them home it a more Christian frame. The time will come, we may hope, when doctors will prescribe bird-gazing instead of blue-pill. To illustrate the chickadee's trustfullness, I may mention that a friend of mine captured one in a butterfly-net, and carrying him into the house, let him loose in the sitting-room. The little stranger was at home immediately, and seeing the window full of plants, proceeded to go over them carefully, picking off the lice with which such window-gardens are always more or less infested. A little later he was taken into my friend's lap, and soon he climbed up to his shoulder, and, after hopping about for a few minutes on his coat collar, he selected a comfortable resting-place, tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep, and slept on undisturbed while carried from one room to another. Probably the chickadee's nature is not of the deepest. I have seen him when his joy rose to ecstacy. Still his feelings are not shallow, and the faithfulness of the pair to each other and to their offspring is of the highest order. The female has sometimes to be taken off the nest, and even to be held in the hand, before the eggs can be examined.

COMMON WORDS MISPRONOUNCED.

Naiad — nā'-yad, not nā'-id, nor nā'-ad.

Nainsook—nān'-sōōk, not nān'-sook.

Naive—nä'-ēv, not nāve, nor nāve.

Naivete—nä'-ēv-ta, not nā-vēte', nor nā'-vē-ta.

Nauseus—naw'-shus, not naw'-se-us.

Negligee—nĕg-le-zhā', not neg'-le-zhā nor neg-le-jē'.

Newspaper — nūz'-pā-per, not nūs'-pa-per.

Nomad—nōm'-ad or nōm'-ād, not no-mad.

Nomenclature— no-men-clā'-ture, not nō'-men-cla-ture.

Nonillion—nō-nill'-yun, not nŏn-ill'-yun.

Notable—nōt'-a-ble, not nō'-ta-ble.

Nymphean—nim-fē'-an, not nimf'-e-an.

Obesity—obĕs'-i-ty, not o-bē'-si-ty.

Obligatory—ob'-le-ga-to-ry, not ob-lig'-a-to-ry.

Often—ŏf'-n, not ŏf'-ten.

Omega—ō-mē'-ga, not ŏm'-e-ga Webster sanction o-mĕg'-a.

Onerous — ŏn'-er-ous, not ō'-ner-ous.

Only—ōn'-ly, ŭn'-ly.

Onyx—ō'-nyx, not ŏn'-yx.

Opal—ō'-pal, not ō-pal' nor ō-pawl'.

Opponent—op-pō'-nent, not ŏp'-po-nent.

Orgeat—ôr'-zhat, or ôr-'zhā, not or'-ge-at.

Orthoepy—ôr'-tho-e-py, not ôr-tho' e-py.

Orthoepist—ôr'-tho-epist, not ôr-tho'-e-pist.

Bryn Mawr, (Pa.,) *Home News.*

—The New York *Herald* says: "The feet and legs of horses require more care than the rest of the body. They must not be allowed to stand in filth and moisture, and in grooming a horse the feet and legs must be as thoroughly brushed and cleaned as a coat."

Religious Sentiments.

—Virtue is the first title of nobility.

—Prejudice is the reason of fools.

—Indolence is the rust of the mind and the inlet of every vice.

—No, is a surely, honest fellow, speaks his mind rough and round at once.

—"Wheelbarrow religion" is what Richard Baxter said some persons had who lived in his day; that is, they went along when they were shoved. The same may be said of many living to-day.

—God never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done; nay so much the contrary, that if a good inclination be not seconded by a good action, the want of that action is made so much the more criminal and inexcusable.

—In the estimation of the thinking class, men of deeds are held in high esteem, but the unthinking prefer men of gab. It is not the men who do, but the men who say, that generally attract the greatest attention and, for the time being, produce the greatest sensation. But sound and sense are two very different things, and we should be governed by the former and not the latter.

Self-Praise.

—Remember the good old rabbi who was awakened by one of his twelve sons saying: "Behold my eleven brothers lie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to praise and pray." "Son," said the wise father, "you had better be asleep too, than wake to censure your brothers." No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to seek and speak of other people's wrongs.

The very habit of a godly life helps to keep one from temptation and sin. There are times, perhaps, when spirituality is at a low ebb in the heart, and little of God's sweet love seems to have place therein. Then this habit of correct living—a habit acquired through years of watchful prayer and persistent purpose—holds the man to circumspectness, and keeps him from many things that might soil his soul.

In order to enjoy the present it is necessary to be intent upon the present. To be doing one thing and thinking of another is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of somebody else than to whom they are talking. This is the way to enjoy nothing well, and to please nobody.

What the Bible has Accomplished.

The least and most hopeful among us are, I know, sometimes disposed to despondency and almost to despair, as they witness such floods of lawlessness and infidelity swelling and sweeping over our own and other lands, dashing down so many of the old landmarks of morality and religion. But we may all take courage in thinking of all the great and glorious things which the bible has already done for mankind since the opening of the christian era, and which can never be lost. From what other source has all true civilization, directly or indirectly, emanated? Whatotherinfluence has so elevated humanity, so lifted the poor and humble, so freed the oppressed, so enlightened the ignorant, so inculcated peace and good will among the nations, so proclaimed the brotherhood of man under a common father, so restrained and rebuked vice and crime, and brought the indispensable sanction future responsibility and future judgment to the support of earthly laws and human government? From what other pages than those of the bible have all the noble philanthropies of modern times deprived their incentives and examples? What can legislation do but confess that all its laborious statutes are little more than the detailed application to existing society of the laws first promulgated on Sinai, and of the two great commandments into which those laws were condensed and crystalized by Him who died on Calvary? And even science, after all the marvelous discoveries it has of late accomplished, and all the signal triumps it is daily achieving; now soaring to the skies, questioning each particular and comet and remotest nebula, and analyizing the tints and texture of the sun itself; now sounding the depths of the sea, and spreading out its countless contents, animate and inanimate, to be the subject of an exposition for princes to inaugurate and the world to admire; now searching and exploring the caves and caverns of the earth, and laying bare to our insatiate gaze the long-buried treasuros of Illiou or Assor, or the hardly less interesting outcomes of mounds and shell heaps in our own land; and now suspended over the broad current which had so long separated two great sister cities that stupendous bridge over which travel and traffic may pass unimpeded from hour to hour, and look down upon the tall ships sailing freely beneath them—even science, I say, in all the just pride of these and a hundred other successes, has never found, never and can find any other fixed and steadfast point of departure, or any other sure and final resting-place to fall upon, save in that sublime announcement, in the very first verse of the bible: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."—*R. C. Winthrop.*

Dean Swift's Loves.

Perhaps the least commendable episodes in his life are to be found in those relations of his with the other sex, which are become almost as famous as the adoration of Petrarch for Laura. Or, possibly, the loves of Abelard and Heloise would be a more apt comparison. For though we can do no more than touch the subject, it seems as clear as anything resting on presumptive and internal evidence can be that the explanation of coldness amounting to cruelty must be sought in physical reasons. Swift had always a craving for feminine sympathy and affection; he loved unreserved intercourse with a graceful, intelligent and complacent confidante, where there could be no idea of anything like equality or intellectual rivalry; but the attachments on his side were purely platonic. Up to a certain point we have no doubt his feelings were faithfully enough expressed in the lines which have always struck us pleasantly:

"That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy."

As for his first flirtation with Varina, there was no great harm done on either side. The lady was clearly a heartless coquette and voluptuous, but with a great deal of worldly wisdom. But in the cases of the unfortunate Stella and Vanessa it is quite impossible to acquit their tantalizing admirer of the egotism that consciously, although perhaps remorselessly, played fast and loose with their feelings. He abused the extraordinary powers of fascination which a stern character and an iron will must exert on certain impressionable feminine natures. He could hardly have offered a more seductive tribute than his unreserved confidence and devotion to women disposed to worship the personality which could unbend so flatteringly at convenient seasons and yet loomed so large in the eyes of the world. And the jealous sense of the rivalry which wrought such direful consequences must have stimulated devotion had stimulus been needful. All that must have been patent to the Dean, with his almost unrivaled perception of the weaknesses of human nature, and at best we can only admit some extenuating circumstances when we pronounce him guilty of sacrificing the two women to his selfishness.—*London Times.*

Domestic Animals.

Their Intelligence, Affection and Reasoning Faculties.

—Philadelphia has a dog that eats ice-cream. It is a Sky terrier belonging to a police sergeant, who shares his cream with his pet, of which he is very proud. He exhibited her accomplishments the other day, remarking: "She knows when it's her turn. You can't fool her. Watch." The sergeant took a spoonful himself and threw another on the floor. The morsel had hardly touched the wood before it was snatched up. One spoonful for the seargent and one for Nell was the order, until the sergeant purposely missed count, and then the beast set up a hideous barking as a reminder.

—The most humble of the civil functionaries of the French republic are the naval cats. There are some hundreds of them, and their importance is duly recognized by the state which supports them. The French naval cat enters the service in his kittenhood, and spends the first year or two of his active career on board a man-of-war, where he is berthed in the hold and permitted to devour whatever he can catch. Having thus passed through apprenticeship, he is sent ashore and quartered at one of the five naval ports as a terror to the rats and mice that swarm in the victualling yards and store sheds. He is then entitled to an allowance of five centimes a day, and this sum is regulary paid on his behalf to the director of cats, who lays it out in horseflesh for the use of his forces.

An Elephant in a Dining Room.

A French gentleman, living in India, had a tame elephant which was accustomed to go into the dining room after dinner and beg from the guest. One day the elephant came when they were at desert. A gentleman refused to give it anything, but the elephant would not go away. The gentleman, angry at its asking, gave it a stab with his fork. The elephant went into a garden, tore a branch, covered wit black ants, off a tree, and shook them over the gentleman's head. The ants got into his ears and down his neck and at last he undressed and took a bath to get rid of his tormentors,

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Oct. 18, 1883

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

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LOCAL ITEMS.

——The first to inquire what V. S. C. L. meant, was a merchant.

——Levi Murray is improving his dwelling by the addition of a two-story kitchen part.

——Yonny Deininger is putting the finishing touches on his large new store room.

——Mr. Jacob Arney, one of our oldest citizens, is seriously ill.

——Attend the Democratic rally at Centre Hall on Saturday evening, 20.

——The Potter township schools will open on Oct. 29, instead of 22, as heretofore announced.

——Rebersburg will have a Luther memorial service, as we understand, on Sabbath, Nov. 11.

——Rev. Felker, the new elect pastor of the Evangelical Luth. church at New Berlin, moved with his family to that place. Rev. F., some years ago, was pastor of the Aaronsburg charge.

John Manger, Pottsdam, Pa., says: Brown's Iron Bitters completely cured me of dyspepsia and general debility.

——A new fence has been put around the Ref. church, in this place, and the cemetery enlarged.

——John White, of near Zion, had his hands badly burned, a short time ago by, heating varnish.

——Dinges & Rearick, at the Pennsvalley Bargain Store are under full headway now and making things boom. They have a first class stock of goods and are doing business with a view to having the cheapest store in the valley and at the same time to pay highest prices for country produce.

——Stover's Bellefonte Marble Works are doing a big business. Orders come in from all parts of the country; his work gives such general satisfaction and his prices are so reasonable, that he is being overrun with orders. If any of our readers would like to order a tombstone or monument that will please them, call at Stover's Bellefonte Marble Yard before bargaining elsewhere.

——The biggest trade in groceries, done in this section of the state, is at Sechler's old stand. It keeps ahead all the time for large trade, largest variety of pure goods, and fair dealing. You never get an inferior article at Sechler's. Choice stall fed beef always to be had at Sechler's meat market.

——Mr. L. B. Frank, of Rebersburg, is in temporary charge of Wolf & Son's store, during absence of the proprietors purchasing goods. Charley Woodling, former clerk, is now clerking in Reighard's store, Mifflinburg.

——A bevy of mischievous misses looked up the returns to find the number of dudes in some of our towns, and have sent the REPORTER the following result: Bellefonte, 7; Centre Hall, 1; Millheim, 1; Pleasant Gap, 2; Aaronsburg, 1; Loop, 1. This is marked "confidential." Who are they?

——Wolf & Son, merchants, of this place, are now in the city purchasing a stock of fall and winter goods. They have gone with a view to bringing the largest and best stock yet purchased for this the oldest store in the valley. Wolf's store has the enviable reputation of keeping none but first class goods, and well does it deserve it. Cheap stock, to deceive, never belongs to their purchases, and when you buy an article there you know you have something for your money. Next week the new goods will be on and then there will be a display of latest styles second to none in the county, and prices to suit the times. All are invited to come and see the new goods, ladies in particular, who will find just what suits their tastes. Don't purchase until you have first seen the new goods of Wolf & Son.

——Remember that Graham & Son are selling a boss double sole and tap boot 50 cents cheaper than any other place in town, and a good one too—every pair warranted. A ladies' peble button shoe for $1.25, worth $1.75 of any one's money. 2t

If you would have appetite, flesh, color, strength and vigor, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which will confer them upon you in rapid succession.

——The crowd at Forepaugh's show at Bellefonte, on Thursday, was immense. People from the lower end of this valley and other distant portions of the county went. The main tent had three rings, and the seating capacity was about three times that of ordinary shows, and every seat was filled. The menagerie was the best and largest of any yet through this section and included 21 elephants. The circus performance was good, but we think did not quite come up to the O'Brien circus in the spring.

CROCKERY.—Millheim Crockery ware—crocks, flower pots, vases, etc., are constantly kept on hand by John S. Auman, at Farmers Mills. Manufactured by M. Ulrick, Jr. oct11tf

COBURN SPARKS.

Mr. Andrew Stover is rapidly pushing the work on his new house. Mr. S. Greninger is building a porch to his store and otherwise remodeling it. P. H. Stover received 500 bushels of wheat in one day recently. The new Evangelical church in this place is finished; and hope it will soon be dedicated for we need one badly. S.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING.

A Democratic rally will be held at Centre Hall, on Saturday evening, 20. Let all come who can. Let Republicans come and hear the issues discussed. Democrats turn out. D. G. Bush, D. F. Fortney, J. L. Spangler, and others, will speak. Rally, rally.

——Tuesday morning was fresh and freezy and water pools showed a covering of ice.

—— Go to Graham's shoe store and take a look at those long-leg 4-sole whole stock driving boots—the best we ever saw; also the 4-sole 3-strap driving shoes, both elegant goods and cheap. 2t

——The fellow who went to Bellefonte on Friday to attend Forepaugh's show, we found, on looking over our list, does not take the REPORTER. Result:

One day lost	$1 00
Toll	35
Dinner	40
Horsefeed and hostler	35
Mortification	3 00
Total loss, one day	$5 10

Price of REPORTER, one year, $2, and show on 18.

——"The sun do move" says brudder Jasper, and he means it, because he thinks he sees it move, and seeing is believing. Just on this principle all take it that the Philad. Branch is the best place to buy ready-made clothing—the whole crowd moves in that direction, and every purchaser believes there is more money saved by purchasing a suit of Lewins & Co. than can be saved in or out of Philadelphia in that line.

——The Ellicottville, N. Y. *News*, has the following hymenial notice which will be of interest to readers hereabouts:

It was my pleasure to attend a very enjoyable affair in the shape of a wedding on Bryant Hill, Tuesday evening, August 28, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alphonso Drown, the contracting parties being their daughter Ada, to Mr. Wm. T. Farner, of Centre Hall, Pa., the ceremonies being performed by Rev. C. Smith. After the marriage came the congratulations, then the dining room, the many delicacies and substantials, as is usual. Will not say the tables groaned, but think there was more groaning afterward.

Here follow a large list of articles in silverware, glassware, etc., as presents to the happy couple. Will is an old reader of the REPORTER, and this shows what a young man will come to who is a subscriber to the REPORTER. Mr. Farner and his bride have the best wishes of these headquarters.

W. H. Midlam, 616 Boas St., Harrisburg, says: Brown's Iron Bitters speedily cured me of nervousness and stomach troubles.

In the Johnstown mills, the other day, a red-hot rod of iron struck a workman on the thigh, penetrating to the bone and making a horrible wound.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2 00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
26aprtf

McDonald's Improved Liver Pills are in daily use by many eminent physicians in their practice and are highly praised by them as the best remedy known for torpid liver and inactive kidneys. A trial will convince the most skeptical of their merits. *Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded.* JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Agents, or the proprietor, J. A. McDONALD, Central Penn'a Pharmacy, Reedsville, Pa.

Sold and warranted by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall, Pa.

McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders are the greatest worm destroyer of the age. *Guaranteed*, sold and warranted by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall, Pa.

On show day visit Garman's for drygoods.

ADVERTISING CHEATS!

"It has become so common to write the beginning of an article, in an elegant, interesting manner,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers,

"Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness

"And ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,

"The doctors doing her no good;

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughter says:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable"

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."
—A LADY of Utica, N. Y. oct1nr

LUTHER MEMORIAL AT BELLEFONTE.

A memorial service on the 400 anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, will be held in the court-house, Bellefonte, on Friday, Oct. 26, commencing at 10 a. m., for which the following program has been arranged:

Morning service, Book of Worship with tunes.

Welcome, by Rev. S. E. Furst. Address by Prof. E. J. Wolf, D. D.

2½ p. m. Anthem. Reading of Scripture and Prayer.

Address by John G. Morris, D. D., LL. D., President of General Synod.

7½ p. m. Evening Service—Book of Worship. Short addresses by Clergymen and Laymen. Social. Dismission. The exercises thoughout will be interspersed with music.

All the ministers of the Northern Conference, and others, are expected to be present.

PERSONAL.—Reuben Gramley, of Miles, favored our sanctum with a call. Mr. Gutelius, one of Mifflinburg's coach makers, looked in upon us. John White, of Zion, was among our callers. Mr. Dan. Dreibelbis, of College, gave us a call, having just returned from a western trip, and says he likes that country. Rev. Hengst, of the Ev. church, Millheim, gave us a pleasant call, on Monday, having just returned from the re-opening services of Zion church, in the Loop, where there was a large attendance on Sabbath.

Wm. Ruble, from across the valley, lit up our sanctum with a pleasant smile, on Monday.

——Do not miss the Philad. Branch if you want good and cheap clothing; it is a positive fact that they sell from 25 to 30 per cent cheaper than any other store to be found. Their stock of men and boy's clothing is the largest and most complete in this or any adjoining county. Anything in the line of wearing apparel, for boy or man, can be found there. Honest dealing characterises Lewins & Co.; they guarantee satisfaction in all their dealings.

——We have at last improved on our chirography that we can put a flourish to the end of a word—something like the ornamental curl on a pig's tail.

If you are bilious, don't wait until you are down with fever or with rheumatism, but cleans your liver and system generally with Smith's German Olio.

PARTIES that have grain to sell should be sure to sell to or call on the undersigned who will always pay the best market price, at Spring Mills and Coburn. 11oct6m I. J. GRENOBLE.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

Butter, 22 to 25 cts. per lb; eggs, 22 to 25 cts. per doz; potatoes, 50c, chickens, 50 to 60 cts. per pair; lard, 16 cts. per lb; apple butter 75 cts. per gal; corn, 65 cts. per bu; oats, 40 cts. per bu; beans, 15 to 20 cts. per peck; peaches, 25 to 50 cts. per pk; cabbage, 8 to 10 per head apples, 20 to 25c per peck; turnips, 15c per peck; celery, 5 cents per stalk.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 8, 1883.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia.
Corn	September 48		—57¼a58½
Wheat	"	91¼	—1 07¼a1 08
Oats	"	27½	—38
Pork	October	10,35	
Lard	"	7 35	
Petroleum			—1.10½.

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Grain—Wheat, 1 05; Rye, 60; Oats, 35, Corn, 65, by L. L. Brown.

Produce—Butter 25, eggs 25, ham 16, shoulders 14, sides 12½, lard 12½, potatoes 50—by Valentines' Store.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$1.05
White & Mixed	1 00
Rye	60
Corn, shelled, and ears new	60
Oats	35
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 18 c; tallow, 6; lard, 12; ham, 15; shoulder, 12; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 20 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL—Pea, 3. 25; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00; Egg, 4.75.

MARRIED

At the Luth. parsonage, Milroy, on 7, Charles Smith and Miss Sally Linthurst, both of Pine Grove.

On 9, at Farmers Mills, by M. L. Rishel, J. P., John B. Foster and Crissie G. Taylor, both of Farmers Mills.

Oct. 4, in Pleasant Gap, by Rev. J. A. Mattern, Mr. John P. Harrison and Miss Jennie E. Barnes.

On Sept. 27, by Rev. W. R. Whitney, Frank Osman, of Lemont, and Miss Maggie Saxon, of Scotia.

By same, on Oct. 5, Mr. Sam'l Forsht, of Blair Furnace, near Altoona, and Miss Annie Bailey, of Scotia.

By Rev. C. W. Sechrist, on Oct. 2, J. L. Shaffer, of Zion, and Emma R. Vonada, of Jacksonville.

At the residence of the bride's father, Oct. 11, by Rev. G. S. Diven, Mr. Oliver S. Shaw, of Huntingdon, and Miss Mamie J. Kustenborder, of Centre Co.

On 10th instant, at the residence of the bride's mother, in Penn Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, George M. Musser and Rebecca L. Neese.

THE EXAMINER
PRICE REDUCED.

Always the Leading and Most Widely Circulated, is Now the CHEAPEST BAPTIST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

IT WILL BE SENT TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS, OLD AND NEW, FOR
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,
Payable in Advance.

A TRIAL TRIP.

Those desiring to see the paper as it is before becoming regular subscribers, can make a "trial trip" from November 1, 1883, to January 1, 1884,

FOR TWENTY CENTS.

The publishers have determined to make the price the same to all—single and club subscribers—believing it the wisest policy to have the largest circulation at the lowest possible price, and to have every body receive the EXAMINER at one low rate.

Send for sample copy, or take a "trial trip," and you will find the EXAMINER is one of the largest-sized eight-page papers, and is distinctively a Family Newspaper, with interesting and instructive reading for every member of the household. In making it the Editor has the cooperation of the best newspaper, magazine and review writers of the day. In short, that it is an Outspeaking, Wide-awake and Comprehensive Newspaper for the people.

For sample copies, terms to agents, etc., address,
THE EXAMINER,
Box 3661, New York.

VERY CHEAP MONEY.

A Hundred Thousand Dollars for Sixteen Hundred.

A Flour Merchant Wants to Run a Rival to the Treasury—While Writing a Letter to his Wife he is Arrested and Jailed.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—James S. Maxwell, a member of the firm representing the Bald Eagle and Empire Flouring Mills, Millersburg, Ohio, came to this city last Saturday and took rooms at Smith & McNeil's Hotel, in Greenwich street. He was assigned to rooms Nos. 79, 83 and 86. During the afternoon he called on several commission houses down town with whom his firm is in the habit of transacting business. He was introduced to several other merchants, to whom Maxwell showed samples of fine brands of flour, of which he had a satchel full. He solicited and obtained several orders. He was taken to the Produce Exchange and introduced to many of its members and received a pass, signed by the President, admitting him to the floor of the Exchange during business hours.

Having transacted his legitimate business, Mr. Maxwell turned his attention to other matters. He called on Charles Kress, an electrotyper for Lovejoy, Son & Co., in Rose street, and was shown some samples of fine work. Then he told Mr. Kress that he wanted some work done, and Mr. Kress led the way to the private office. Mr. Maxwell said "that place would not do," and Mr. Kress went into an outer room with his mysterious customer. Mr. Maxwell drew from his pocket a package of photographs of United States Treasury notes, and said he desired to have some notes printed from the electrotype plates of the photographs. Mr. Kress made an appointment to meet Maxwell at Smith & McNell's Hotel, at 7:30 o'clock Monday night. It was understood that Mr. Kress was to ascend to the second floor of the hotel, knock at the doors of each of the three rooms occupied by Maxwell, and, on receiving the reply "Who's there?" from Maxwell, was to reply "43—6." Mr. Kress called on Detective Sampson, of the Treasury Department, and Mr. Sampson referred him to Chief Drummond, of the United States Secret Service Department. The Chief and several assistants accompanied Mr. Kress on his visit to Maxwell. Mr. Kress did not know the name of his customer, and Chief Drummond thought from the description that it was "Ed" Hall, a notorious counterfeiter.

Mr. Kress gave the necessary signals and was admitted to Maxwell's room. The latter said he desired to have counterfeit notes printed, colored and finished ready for use from the electrotype plates of the photographs. Mr. Kress understood his customer then, and took his order. It was as follows: Twenty-five thousand one dollar notes, 12,500 twos, 5,000 fives, 2,500 tens and 1,000 ten dollar silver certificates. Mr. Kress calmly informed Mr. Maxwell that the price of the work would be $1,600. The latter agreed to pay that sum, and requested Mr. Kress to have some of the notes finished as early as possible. With four of the sample photographs Mr. Kress joined Chief Drummond outside the hotel. The chief told Mr. Kress to return to Maxwell's room, and he followed with his men. As they passed the hotel reading room they saw Maxwell writing at a table. Mr. Kress spoke to him, and he was arrested by Chief Drummond. He made no effort to conceal the letter he was writing, and the chief took possession of it. It was to the prisoner's wife, and read as follows:

"DEAR WIFE: I contracted for part of the work to-night in order to commence sending to you. I think I can send some by to-day week. I will prepare the goods before I send to you. All of the work will cost me $1,600, but when I get ready we can make it go, but it must be done very careful, and use good judgment. Now, I will send the silver goods first so you can practice on that kind of goods till I send you some more. Keep things going, and when I get my hand in it will go. Now, Mary, never say a word about a bill being good or not. When you pay out a bill never look at it. Just throw it out and walk off. Never pay out a bill when there is any stranger about, and don't be about the warehouse when Will is. When you go to put a bill in the drawer don't let any one stand by or they might blame you. If any one should say the bill is not good——"

The prisoner took his arrest very calmly. He was taken to Ludlow street jail and on being arraigned before the United States Commissioner was held in $3,500 bail. Being unable to furnish this he was returned to jail.

OUTWITTING AN OLD LADY.

A Marriage Under Peculiar Circumstances in Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 11.—A party of young people registered at the Markham House from Gainesville, among whom was Miss Estelle, daughter of Peter F. Lawshu, editor of the Gainesville Southern. The lady was accompanied by her brother Normon and two sisters. At two o'clock Mr. Charles Vanvleck of Cincinnati, a gentleman of means, who is largely interested in North Georgia mines, made his appearance, when the story leaked out that an impromptu marriage was about to take place. Mr. Vanvleck's advances toward Miss Estelle were not approved by the old folks at home, the mother, Mrs. Lawshu, always making objections to the marriage of her children. To avoid a scene the young folks deliberately made up a program which the mother should not be present to spoil. The party took carriages and drove down to the First Methodist church, where they were joined by the Rev. Clement A. Evens and Gen. James Longstreet. Gen. Longstreet took charge of the bride as best man, while the Rev. Mr. Evans performed the ceremony. Two elder sisters of the bride experienced difficulty in getting their mother's consent to their marriage, and it seems to be conceded that whoever marries a Lawshu must steal her. Mr. and Mrs. Vanvleck have gone South on a bridal tour.

Killed by a Chicken Bone.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 10.—Mrs. J. J. Prior, the actress, died at the United States Hotel. For the past two years she has been with Maggie Mitchell's company and has played old lady's roles with great success. She has been on the stage for nearly forty years and was very well known and highly respected by all in the profession. Thirty years ago she played in the National Theatre in this city as leading lady. Her death was caused by the effects of getting a chicken bone lodged in her throat some weeks ago.

Successful at Last.

TROY, N. Y., Oct. 11.—Hermann Hass recently attempted suicide by shooting. The result was not necessarily fatal, and he was sent to the Marshall Infirmary. This morning, about two o'clock, he left his room, and, proceeding to a platform on which was a drinking fountain, he wound the chain connected with the fountain drinking cup about his neck and jumped off. At dawn he was found dead. He had been reduced to poverty by bad investments, and declared repeatedly that death was now the only resource for avoiding pauperism.

AN EXECUTION.

A Wife Murderer Hanged in Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 4.—James McSteen was hanged in the jail yard this morning for the murder of his wife. The morning was cold and disagreeable and a large crowd stood shivering around the scaffold. McSteen was accompanied to the scaffold by Father Ward. His death was calm and quiet. It was a perfectly successful hanging, and Sheriff McCallin did his work well.

The murder took place at Glenwood, five miles from the city. Mrs. McSteen was his second wife, she having been a Mrs. Mary Toole before she married him. In an old disused shanty on the ground owned by Mr. Blair the family had their domicile. McSteen worked on the night shift at the Glenwood Steel Works, and was noted in the vicinity for cruelty to his family, and that, too, without the usual poor excuse of being given to rum, as he was not in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. Matters progressed in this unnatural fashion until the afternoon of June 9th, 1882, between 4 and 5 o'clock, when a gang of trackmen employed on track making repairs just in front of McSteen's home, were notified by a neighbor named Mrs. Welsh that McSteen had killed his wife with an axe. The chief witness was McSteen's four-year-old son, who said his father struck his mother after a quarrel.

EIGHTY AND TWENTY-FIVE.

Venerable Judge Camden Wedded to a Charming Young Widow.

WHEELING, W. Va., Oct. 5.—The marriage of Judge Gideon A. Camden, who has been prominent in the politics of West Virginia, and is one of the heaviest landowners in the State, has created a sensation at Clarksburg. The Judge is over eighty and his charming bride is but little more than twenty-five. Notwithstanding the great disparity in their ages and the strong opposition of the Judge's sons and daughters, who are all people of middle age, with families of their own, the old gentleman persisted in his courtship, which was a very ardent one, and crowned all by marrying the fair young charmer. She is a widow, and thus knew best how to win her way into the Judge's affections. Owing to the violent opposition of a son and daughter, residing in Clarksburg, the marriage ceremony was performed with the greatest secrecy. Only a minister and the necessary witnesses were present. His children now threaten to annul the compact on the ground of insanity.

The old gentleman was Judge of the Harrison Circuit Court before Virginia became a State, and he was also a member of the West Virginia Constitutional Convention. In Wheeling and Clarksburg social circles, where all the parties are well known, the wedding is an absorbing theme of conversation. It is said that the happy couple will spend their honeymoon at the Hot Springs, Arkansas.

THE PITTSBURG TRAGEDY.

The Dead Woman a Relative of William Cullen Bryant.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Oct. 2.—Mrs. Fannie Bryant Newton, the putative wife of Dr. Orin Newton, of Pittsburg, Pa., whose tragic suicide in obedience to the wishes of her supposed husband, after his death, caused such a sensation, was related to William Cullen Bryant, the poet, on her father's side, and to Alexander Campbell on her mother's. She was a niece of the latter. Her sister Jennie, who is married, lives in Chicago. Her sisters, Clara (who is also married) and Dora, live with their mother, Mrs. Stahl, of this city. Her brother Thomas is a farmer near here. Her youngest brother, George, committed suicide in this city seven years ago on account of being retrograded in the public schools. Mrs. Newton was for years an honored teacher in the public schools of this city, but scandal drove her away, and but little has been heard of her since. Her remains will be buried at Pittsburg, where she died.

——John Cox, a young man living in Bellefonte, met with a painful and fatal accident on Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock, at Snowshoe intersection. He was uncoupling cars and while in the act of jumping from a car accidentally got on the track, and was run over. The cars passed over both his thighs almost entirely severing the right leg and crushing the other so badly that amputation would have been necessary had not death relieved him a few hours after the accident.

——The opening on Saturday and Monday, at the Bee Hive, was a grand affair. It is spoken of as the best opening ever had in this county. Over 2,000 souvenirs were given away to customers, who came and went in streams from early until late. Goldsmith Bros. may well feel proud of this successful opening; their liberality in giving presents has won them many friends, and renders their hitherto popular store still more popular. The most extraordinary bargains are to be had there in all kinds of dress goods.

TROUBLE IN CLEARFIELD CO.

Bradford, Oct. 13.—There are no new developments in the strike of the Rochester and Pittsburg coal miners at Dubois. Sixteen more of Pinkerton's men arrived to-day and were sworn in as deputy sheriffs. The company now has fully one hundred special officers employed and are determined to protect their property. The railroad hands have also been sworn in and armed. Nothing was done at the works yesterday or to-day, but it is the intention to put miners at work on Monday.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

ULCEROUS SORES "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

SORE EYES Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

GENERAL

Fall Opening!!

At the BEE HIVE ONE PRICE STORE,

Saturday Oct. 13,

Monday Oct. 15,

Tuesday Oct. 16,

During which time we will offer the following special Bargains:

LADIES DEPARTMENT.

150 Linen Damask Table Spreads at 50c, worth $1.

100 do do do at 90c worth $1.75.

50 doz Ladie's Merino Vests at 25c worth 50c.

50 doz. Ladie's Fancy Woolen Hose regular made and all perfectt at 25c worth 50c.

100 doz. Misses and Children's do do at 10c worth 25c.

50 doz Ladie's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, colored borders, a 10c, worth 25c.

50 doz. do do extra fine at 15c, worth 30c.

100 School-bags at 5c, worth 25c

GENT'S DEPARTMENT.

50 doz. Men's Scarlet Wool Shirts and Drawers at 85c worth $1.25.

50 doz. do do $1.25, worth $1.75.

50 doz Blue Mixed do do at 40c worth 65c.

50 doz. do do Woolen Socks at 15c worth 30c.

250 Neck Scarfs latest styles, at 25c worth 50c.

50 Lap Robes, heavy for Winter at $1.50 worth $3 00.

P. S. These goods will be dealt out upon the principle of "first come first served." But in order to insure a fair distribution, only a limited quanity will be sold to each purchaser.

An elegant souvenir will be presented to each of our visitors upon this occasion.

Respectfully Yours,
GOLDSMITH BROTHERS,
oct4 Bellefonte, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE.—By virtue of an order of Orphans' Court of Centre county there will be exposed at public sale, near Union Church, in Gregg twp., on Saturday, Oct. 27, the following real estate belonging to Michael Shultz, dec'd.: A certain lot of ground, bounded on the west by lands of Mrs. Mitchel's heirs, north by lands of Eve Stover, east by a lane aside of Union Church lot, and on south by lands of Sarah Foster and Jacob Homan, containing about ONE ACRE, more or less; thereon erected a LOG DWELLING HOUSE, stable and other outbuildings. Sale to commence at 2 p. m., when terms will be made known by M. L. RISHEL, Adm'r.

STEAM BENDING SHOPS,

AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.

All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent bounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.
11oct y J. B. REAM & SON.